

# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

DEACON & PETERSON, PUBLISHERS.

NO. 319 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR. IN ADVANCE.

THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

DEVOTED TO PURE LITERATURE, NEWS, AGRICULTURE, HUMOR, &C.

EDMUND DEACON,  
HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1860.

ESTABLISHED AUGUST 4, 1855.  
WHOLE NUMBER THREE, 1860.

## DROPS FROM THE WINE-PRESS.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.  
BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

I looked in her face when the grain was young—  
And the wind blew the high grass unto my knee,  
And I said, with a pleased but trembling tongue,  
"Dear heart! be true to me!"  
The May-rose danced in her mouth and cheek,  
The May-breeze ruffled her raiment fine—  
She did not tremble, she did not speak,  
But she laid her hand in mine.

I looked in her face when the grain was ripe,  
And the sunlight reddened the channel-wall—  
There were orange-buds on her forehead white;  
And her figure, slight and small,  
With its fleecy veil and its snowy hands,  
Shone pure as a star in that chapel gray,  
As the priest uplifted his aged hands,  
And made us one for aye!

I looked in her face when the grain was stacked,  
And the wind whistled over the autumn-field—  
But thought and color and life it lacked,  
And the lips and eyes were sealed.  
Dear lips! true eyes! through the long, long years,  
Since I called ye mine in the channel blast—  
Had store ye had known of sighs and tears—  
But a frown was a stranger-guest.  
Faithfully, fondly ye did your best,  
While the day blushed in at the cottage door—  
Meekly and sweetly ye took your rest,  
When the day was yours no more!

I looked in her face ere the lid was shut,—  
My frame was shaken, mine eyes were wet,  
They lowered the slab on her bosom, but  
Her smile is with me yet;  
And I pray that the angel, her next of kin,  
May come in the dawn and uplift the stone,  
That I and my grief may enter in—  
And rest with my precious one!

## THE CASTLE'S HEIR.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,  
BY MRS. ELLEN WOOD.

AUTHOR OF "THE EARL'S DAUGHTERS," "DAN-  
RETT HOUSE," "THE RED COURT FANS," &C.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year  
1860, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office  
of the District Court for the Eastern District of  
Pennsylvania.]

### CHAPTER XIII.

AN AWFUL NIGHT. AND AN AWFUL SCENE.

Rarely had such a night been known within  
the memory of the oldest inhabitant of Dane-  
held. The storm of wind was terrific: now, it  
swept through the air with a rushing, booming  
sound; now, it shook old gables and tall chim-  
nies, unhinged shutters, and crushed down  
out houses; and now it caused men and wo-  
men to stagger as they strove to walk along.  
But for the wind, the night would have been  
nearly as bright as day, for the large, clear  
moon was at the full; but the clouds that  
madly swept across its face obscured its bright-  
ness, causing a dark shadow to fall upon the  
earth. Even the stiff gusts, when clouds  
were absent, seemed to hide the moon's rays,  
and dim them.

A knot of men were congregated in the tap-  
room of the Sailor's Rest. Richard Ravensbird,  
looking not a day older than when you saw  
him last, hard, composed, phlegmatic as ever,  
was waiting on them, or, joining in their con-  
verse, as the case might be. Sophie was in the  
bar parlor. She did look older: somehow,  
Frenchwomen, after they pass thirty, do age un-  
accountably. Not that Sophie had changed in  
manner; she was free of tongue and ready at  
repertoire, like she always had been.

"How's Catty getting on? Have ye heard?"  
asked one of the men of Ravensbird, taking  
his pipe from his mouth to speak.

Ravensbird had handed a fresh jug of ale to  
another of the company, and was counting the  
halfpence, returned into his hand.

"Catty may be better or he may be worse,  
for all I know," returned he, when he had  
finished counting. "It's no concern of mine:  
I don't meddle with other folk's business."

"Tain't much meddling, landlord, to hear  
whether an injured man's getting on his legs  
again, or whether he's going to have 'em laid  
out stiff," retorted the questioner. "I ha'  
been at sea three days, and 'tis but natural to  
ask after a poor fellow as has been a' most  
murdered, when one gets to shore again."

"A fine trouble your boat had to get home,"  
put in a man, before any one else could speak.  
"I was down the beach this afternoon, and see  
it a laboring."

"Trouble!" echoed the other. "I never  
hardly was out in such a gale—and the wind  
blowing as right ashore. It took our best man-  
agement, I can tell ye, to keep her off it.  
Does nobody know anything of Catty?"

"Catty's better," answered one who sat in  
a corner. "I saw Mr. Bruff to-day, and asked  
him: he said he was going on all right. My  
lord's downright savage, though, because the  
fellows are off."

"What fellows?" cried the sailor in a quick  
tone. "Not Beecher and Tom Long!"

"Beecher and Tom Long, Catty was well  
enough to be taken into the hall yester-  
day, from his bed: they wrapped him up  
in blankets, put him in a chair, and carried  
him in; and Beecher and Tom Long were  
brought up from the guard-house in charge  
of the police. But Catty couldn't swear  
to them: he said he had no moral doubt  
that they were the two, but could not  
speak to it with certainty. Of course that  
put a stop to all chance of conviction, and Lord  
Dane was obliged to liberate them. Such a  
lecture he read them first!"

"Did he?"  
"Bruff heard it. He was present during  
the time, close to my lord's chair, and he  
said his lordship was as vexed and  
snappish as could be. Old Beecher came  
forward, with all the brass in the world, and  
said he'd take an oath his son was in bed at home the night the row  
happened. Lord Dane told him his oath  
went for nothing, and he regretted the evi-  
dence was not more conclusive."

"But there was a third, engaged in the at-  
tack," resumed the sailor.  
"Said to be. Catty speaks of another,  
who was watching from a short distance. He  
did not join in the attack."  
"That was Drake, then: not a doubt on't.  
Smuggling or poaching, it all comes alike to  
him. I'll lay any money it was Drake."

"You'd lose it, then. The third fellow was  
a tall thin man: Drake's short and stumpy: I  
say, landlord, what's your opinion of it all?"  
"Haven't I just told you that I mind my  
own business?" returned Mr. Ravensbird. "If  
everybody did the same there'd be less conten-  
tion in the world."

"Richard, Richard," a voice was heard call-  
ing out, "step here a moment."  
It was that of Mrs. Ravensbird, and her hus-  
band proceeded to the room where she was  
sitting. She had a candle in her hand, and  
appeared as though she had just been up  
stairs.

"I'm afraid, Richard," she said, "I protest  
I am: the very house seems to rock. I shall  
not go to bed to-night."

"Nonsense," returned Richard Ravensbird.  
"Folks sleep best in windy weather."

"If they can get to sleep. It's what I shan't  
try at to-night. You just go up to our bed-  
room, and see what the wind is there: the bed  
itself's shaking."

"They are calling for more ale in the tap-  
room," cried a very smart maid, entering at  
this juncture. "Am I to serve it, sir? The  
clock wants but two minutes of eleven."

"Oh, for goodness sake let them stop on as  
long as they like to-night," put in Sophie to  
her husband. "Better be in danger in com-  
pany than alone."

Richard Ravensbird looked at her in sur-  
prise.

"Danger!" he repeated: "Why, what is the  
matter with you, Sophie? You are surely not  
turning coward, because the wind is a little  
higher than ordinary?"

"The wind is worse than I have ever known  
it since I lived in the Sailor's Rest," she re-  
sponded. "It's awful enough to make the  
bravest think of danger."

Ravensbird returned to the tap room, and  
told the company it was eleven o'clock. They  
did not, however, seem inclined to move; and  
whether it was the wind howling without,  
which certainly does induce to the enjoyment  
of comfort within, or whether in compliance  
with his wife's words, Ravensbird proved less  
rigid than usual as to closing his house at  
eleven; and suffered more ale to be drawn.

The servant was bringing it in, when a fresh  
customer entered. It was Mitchell, the pre-  
ventive man. He took off an oil skin cape he  
wore, and sat down.

"Why, Mitchell! is it the wind that has  
blown you here?" were the words Ravensbird  
greeted him with. "I thought you were on  
duty to-night."

"The wind won't let me stop on duty, Mr.  
Ravensbird, so it may be said to have blown  
me here," replied Mitchell. "I saw you were  
not closed through the chimneys in the shutters.  
It's an awful night."

"Not much danger of a contraband boat-  
load stealing up to the beach to-night," laugh-  
ed one of the company.

"No: the flying Dutchman himself couldn't  
bring it up," said Mitchell. "What with the  
security from that sort of danger, and the non-  
security from another, namely, that we might  
get whirled off the heights into the sea, and  
never more heard of, the superior called us



THE RESCUE ON THE HEIGHTS.

off duty. What a sight the waves are, to be  
sure!"

"The men have not been on duty below all  
day."  
"Couldn't have stood it," answered Mitchell,  
"the sea would have washed them away. It's  
great rubbish to keep men there at all, now  
they have put us on to the heights. I'm afraid  
of one thing," he added, lowering his voice.

"What's that?"  
"That there's a ship in distress. My ap-  
point's uncommon good for a distance, as some  
of you know, and I feel sure that I made her  
out, and even her very lights. The worst was,  
the gust whiffed one's sight, and steady for  
one minute, one couldn't stand. I pointed  
the ship out to Baker, when we met, but he  
could see nothing, and thought I was mis-  
taken."

"But—if it is a ship—why do you assume  
that she must be in distress?" inquired  
Ravensbird.

"Could a ship be off the coast, in such a  
storm as this, and not be in distress?" was  
Mitchell's answer. "And the wind blowing  
dead inland! Mark me! if that is a ship, she'll  
be on the rocks to-night."

"Mitchell," cried one of the company, "you  
were always one of them given to croaking.  
And croaking don't help us on in the—"

The man's voice stopped abruptly, and the  
assembly simultaneously started to their feet.  
A heavy, booming sound had struck upon  
their ears. Mrs. Ravensbird rushed into the  
room.

"Is it a cannon?" cried she.  
If it was a cannon, it was firing off quick  
and sharp strokes, one after the other, as no  
cannon ever had been known to do yet. Some  
of those startled listeners had heard that sound  
before; some had not.

"It is the great bell at the castle!" uttered  
Mitchell. "I am sure of it. The last time it  
rang out, was for that fire in the stables, be-  
fore the old lord died. What can be the  
matter?"

They moved in a body to the house door,  
and stood in the road outside, listening and  
looking. Though the Sailor's Rest stood alone,  
somewhat apart from any dwelling, they could  
see that the alarming sound had brought others  
to their doors, and night-capped heads to win-  
dows.

"The castle must be on fire," exclaimed one,  
drowning the chorus of voices: "we ought to  
set off to it."

"I wish you would all be still for an in-  
stant," interposed Ravensbird. "Listen: as  
keenly as the wind and that heavy bell will  
allow you."

They hushed their clamor and bent their  
ears in obedience to the injunction. And then  
they caught what the noise in the tap-room  
had prevented their hearing before: a minute  
gun fired from the sea.

"Is the ship in distress," eagerly uttered  
Mitchell, "I knew she would be. She's signal-  
ing for help. And the castle bell is giving  
notice of it; it used to, in the old times."

Before they decided what to do, or whether  
they could do anything; some being for rush-  
ing off to the castle, others to the beach, one  
of the footmen in the Dane livery, white and  
purple, came flying towards them.

"A large ship in distress," he exclaimed;  
"we think she may be an Indian, with  
home-bound passengers. Is the sea too bad for  
help to go out?"

The man spoke in agitation; it is an agita-  
ting moment, when the lives of our fellow-  
creatures are at stake within sight. That the  
lives of these, now in danger, must inevitably  
be lost, appeared only too sure. Somebody

inquired of the servant, what Lord Dane  
thought.

"My lord's not at home," was the man's re-  
ply. "Some of us fancied we heard signals of  
distress from sea—and we went up to the tur-  
ret chamber, and there made out the ship, and  
saw quite plainly the flash of her minute guns,  
though the wind deadened their sound. Mr.  
Bruff gave orders then for the alarm bell to be  
rung, to arouse the village—first of all sending  
a messenger to my lord, that he might not  
hear it was anything amiss at the castle it-  
self."

"Is he far away?"  
"Who? my lord? He is only spending the  
evening at Mr. Lester's."

The company got their caps, which they  
tied down firmly on their heads; those who  
possessed no caps tied on handkerchiefs, for  
their hats would be useless on the beach, and  
they left them at the Sailor's Rest, and hast-  
ened down. The news had spread. The ship,  
drifting gradually in shore with the wind, was  
nearer now, and her guns were louder; and all  
Daneheld were flocking towards the beach.

They could discern her very plainly in the  
stretches of bright moonlight. A noble ship.  
One old sailor, who possessed fine eyesight,  
keener than even Mitchell, professed to make  
out her build, and declared she was an Ameri-  
can. Whatever she might be, she was cer-  
tainly drifting on rapidly to her doom. She  
had probably been at anchor, and the chain  
had broken.

Her position was a little to their left hand  
as the people stood, and she would most likely  
strike just beyond the village, towards Dane  
castle. The wind was as a hurricane, howling  
and shrieking, buffeting the spectators, and tak-  
ing away almost their life's breath; the waves  
rose mountains high, with their hoarse roar,  
and the good ship cracked and groaned as she  
bent to their fury.

Oh! the scene on board!—could those  
watchers from the shore have witnessed it!  
Awful indeed seemed the jarring elements to  
them; what then, must they have been, to  
those who were hopelessly in their power!

Reader! we may assume that it has never  
been your fate to be on board one of these ill-  
fated ships at the moment of its doom. No  
imagination, however vivid, can picture the  
awful bearings of the scene. Baffling con-  
fusion, sickening distress, unbounded fear.  
Almost as terrible is it as that Great Day,  
pictured to us of what shall be the last judg-  
ment. For, that Great Day, for them, is at hand;  
time is over; eternity is beginning; and all are  
not prepared to meet it!

Two gentlemen came together, arm in arm,  
and the crowd parted to give them place. They  
were Lord Dane and Mr. Lester. Mr. Lester  
carried a night glass, but the wind would ren-  
der it almost useless.

"Why, she's nearly close in shore!" ut-  
tered Lord Dane, in an accent of horror.

"Another half hour, my lord, and she'll be  
upon the rocks," responded a bystander.

"Mercy! how fast she's drifting! One can  
see her drift!"

"My men," said Mr. Lester, addressing  
himself more particularly to the fishermen and  
sailors, many of whom had congregated there,  
"can nothing be done?"

One unanimous, subdued sound was heard  
in answer. "No."

"If one of 'em, any crack swimmer, could  
leave the ship and come ashore with a hawser,  
that's their only chance," observed an old  
man. "Not that I think he'd succeed; the  
waves would swallow him long before he got  
to it."

"There's the life boat," cried Lord Dane.  
The crowd shook their heads with a smile.

striking, many souls were washed overboard,  
and were battling their own poor might and  
strength with the water, as hopelessly as the  
ship had done. The agonized shrieks of woe  
were borne over the waters with a shrill, wail-  
ing sound, and were echoed by the watchers;  
some of whom, women, fell on their knees in  
their nervous excitement, and prayed God to  
have mercy on the spirits of the drowning.

"She'll be in pieces! she'll be in pieces!—  
and no earthly aid can save her!" was the cry  
that went up around.

As it was being uttered, another dashed into  
the heart of the throng, one who appeared not  
yet to have been among the spectators. It was  
Wilfred Lester. He wore his sporting clothes,  
as he had done when Maria met him in the  
evening. Pressing through it to the front with  
scant ceremony, he leaned his arms on the  
rails of the little jetty, and contemplated the  
beating vessel.

"Good heavens!" he uttered, after a few  
moments' steadfast gaze, "she must have  
struck!"

"This five minutes ago!"  
"What is that in the water?" he continued,  
after another pause.

"Human beings drowning. They are being  
washed off the ship fast!"

All that Wilfred Lester possessed of excite-  
ment was aroused within him.

"Human beings drowning!" he repeated,  
his voice harsh with emotion. "And you are  
not attempting to rescue them? Are you mad,  
or only wicked?"

One by his side pointed to the foaming  
sea.

"Let that answer you."  
"It is no answer," said Wilfred Lester.—  
"Where's the life boat?"

Mr. Lester drew away to hide himself amidst  
numbers; he had not cared lately to come in  
contact with his son. But Lord Dane pressed  
forward.

"You are excited, Lester," he observed, to  
Wilfred; "and I acknowledge the sight is  
sufficient to excite the most stoical man on  
earth. You might as well talk of a balloon as  
a life boat; the one could no more get to the  
ship than the other."

"The effort might be made," returned Wil-  
fred, eagerly.

"And the lives of those making it sacrificed,"  
rejoined Lord Dane.

Wilfred turned to where a knot of fish-  
ermen were congregated. He was familiar with  
them all, and had been from boyhood.

"Bill Gand, where's the life boat?" he said,  
to a weather-beaten tar, who looked sixty,  
at the least, to judge by the wrinkles on his face.  
"Is she ready?"

Bill Gand pointed with his finger to a small  
and snug creek at some little distance; he was  
not a man of fluent words. The life boat was  
moored in the creek, and could be out at sea  
(wind and weather permitting) in a few min-  
utes.

"Was made ready when the castle bell tolled  
out, Master Wilfred," answered he.

"And why have you not put off in her?"  
demanded Wilfred, in a tone of command.

"Couldn't dare, sir. And the sea be higher  
now nor it was then."

"Couldn't dare!" scornfully echoed Wilfred  
Lester, whose anger, like that of the waves,  
seemed to be rising. "I never knew a British  
sailor could be a coward until now; I never  
thought 'couldn't dare' was in his vocabulary.  
I am going out in the life boat; those of you  
who can overcome 'fear' had better come with  
me."

He turned to quit the spot and make for the  
creek, but fifty voices assailed him. "It would  
be sheer madness to attempt it." "Did he

"No life boat could  
put off in such a sea  
as this!"  
Never, perhaps, had  
been witnessed a more  
hopeless spectacle of  
prolonged agony. Once,  
twice, three times a  
blue light was burst  
on board the ship,  
lighting up more dis-  
tinctly than the moon  
had done, her crowd  
on deck, some of whom  
were standing with  
outstretched hands.  
Anxiety, those on shore  
could give no help.  
Men ran from the beach  
to the heights, and  
from the heights to the  
beach, in painful, eager  
excitement; but they  
could do nothing.

On she came—on,  
on, swiftly and surely.  
The night went on,  
the hurricane raged in  
its fury, the waves  
roared and tossed in  
their terrific might; and  
the good ship came  
steadily to her doom.  
In two hours from the  
time that the castle  
bell boomed out, she  
struck. And, simul-  
taneously with the  
heart of the throng, one who appeared not  
yet to have been among the spectators. It was  
Wilfred Lester. He wore his sporting clothes,  
as he had done when Maria met him in the  
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who can overcome 'fear' had better come with  
me."

He turned to quit the spot and make for the  
creek, but fifty voices assailed him. "It would  
be sheer madness to attempt it." "Did he

mean to throw away his life?" "He and the  
life boat would be swamped together!"

"Then swamped we will be!" retorted Wil-  
fred. "Do you see these?" he added, waving  
his hand in the direction of the ill-fated ship;  
"when your fellow-creatures' lives are being  
swamped wholesale, when you see them buffet-  
ing with the pitiless waves, does it become  
you to hesitate attempting their rescue 'for  
fear' yours should be—and you have ac-  
cused me! Come on, my men; if there be any of  
you who deserve the name."

How contagious is example! How valuable  
a little sterling encouragement! How effective  
a spile of stinging ridicule! Several "good  
men and true," acted on by the words, de-  
clared themselves ready to man the life boat; and  
pretty nearly the whole crowd trooped off in  
the wake of Wilfred Lester.

He was long of leg and fleet of foot, and was  
already busy with the boat when they gained  
him. A voice called out that if she must go  
out, Mr. Wilfred had best not be one to man  
her; he was no sailor. Wilfred Lester caught  
the words, and turned his handsome face to-  
wards the sound; very pale looked his fea-  
tures in the moonlight; pale but resolute.

"Who said that?" he asked.

"It was old Bill Gand."

"You are not yourself, Bill Gand, to-night.  
Would I urge others on a danger that I shrink  
from?"

"Venture in that there boat, Master Wil-  
fred, and you wanna reach the ship alive,"  
cried Bill, "let alone come back. Nor the rest,  
nor the boat neither."

"It is possible; but I think we may hope  
for a better result. We are embarking in a  
good cause, and God is over us."

The last words told; for, of all men, a sailor  
has the most implicit trust in God's mercy; a  
simple, child-like, perfect trust, that many  
who call themselves more religious might  
envy. They were contending now who should  
man her, numbers being eager; and there  
appeared some chance of its rising to a quar-  
rel.

"This is my expedition," said Wilfred Les-  
ter; "but for me you would not have attempt-  
ed it; allow me the privilege, therefore, of  
choosing my men. Bill Gand, will you make  
one of us or not?"

"Yes," answered the old sailor, "if it's only  
to take care of you. My wife's in the church-  
yard, and my two boys are under the water;  
I shall be less misad nor some."

The twelve were soon named, and they went  
into the boat. Wilfred was about to follow  
them, when some one glided up, and stood  
before him.

"Will it prove availing if I ask you not to  
peril your life?"

The speaker was Mr. Lester. Wilfred hesi-  
tated a moment before he answered.

"I could not, for any consideration, abandon  
the expedition; nevertheless, I thank you,  
I thank you heartily, if you spoke out of inter-  
est for my welfare. Father, this may be our  
last meeting; shall we shake hands? If I do  
perish, regret me not, for I tell you truly, life  
has lost its value for me."

Mr. Lester grasped the offered hand in sil-  
ence, a more bitter pang wringing his heart  
than many of the bystanders would have  
believed. Wilfred leaped into the boat, and it  
put off on its stormy voyage, the spectators  
tearing round again to the spot, whence they  
could see the sinking ship.

What a due picture the scene would have  
made! could it have been represented both to  
the eye and the ear—not unlike those old  
Dutch paintings of the Flemish school. The  
doomed ship and her unhappy freight of hu-  
man life, soon to be human life no longer; the  
life-boat, launched on her perilous venture,  
making some way in spite of the impeding  
wind, now riding aloft, now engulfed under a  
huge wave, now battling with the furious sea  
for master, the anxious faces of the spectators  
and their hushed, breathless interest, as they  
watched the progress of the boat, or the dim  
and dreadful spot further on; with the bright  
moonlight lighting up the whole, and the night  
sky, over which the clouds were racing! While,  
ever and anon, the faint tinkle of a bell  
might be heard from the ship, and the heavy  
bell at the castle still boomed out at intervals.

Would the boat reach the ship? Those in  
the boat, as well as those on shore, were ask-<



## TERMS, &amp;c.

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REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

## REMOVAL.

The office of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST has been removed to No. 319 Walnut street, between Third and Fourth streets—about a square from its former location.

## TRAVELLERS' STORIES.

Generalization is the bane of all books of travel. The traveller sees a country under a certain aspect—perhaps a rather unusual one—and straightway notes it down as the general appearance of things in that part of the world. Thus we have Charles Mackay writing as follows, and, in the main, correctly and beautifully, of the Autumn in America:

It was a beautiful morning when I took the train from Boston for the Falls of Niagara. The foliage was not in the full bloom and flush of that autumnal glory which makes the month of October so lovely in America, but the trees were far from bare. The "pines of India," the alantinas, and the elm were about of their splendor, and were all but leafless; but the oaks, and more especially the maples, glittered in green, brown, and crimson magnificence. Nothing can surpass the beauty of the American maples at this season, when their leaves, turned to a blood-red color by the first touch of the winter frost, gleam like fire in the air, amid the yellowing foliage of oaks and beeches, the bright green of the fir-trees, and the more sombre verdure of the omnipresent pines. The sky was cloudless, and the atmosphere so transparent that remote objects were brought out sharply and distinctly, as if close to the eye. To the mind of one accustomed to the English and Scottish landscape, there was one defect in the character of the scenery, and that was the absence of the green grass, earth's most beautiful adornment in the British Isles, but which is nowhere to be seen on the American continent after the early summer. The last of July parches and withers it, and the autumn winds there may be said to be no grass at all—nothing but shrivelled herbage, dry as stubble, and of the same color. But otherwise the landscape was as fair as poet or painter could desire, and the delicious blue of the sky, and the hazy, dreamy stillness of the Indian summer, made amends even for the absence of grass. If nature had not spread a carpet of green, and certainly hung curtains and drapery of regal magnificence.

Now the above statement as to the grass, is occasionally true; but by no means the general truth, as Dr. Mackay has stated it to be. In some of our autumn—the present one, for instance—the grass is almost as green as in June; in others, it is partially injured by the heats of July; but the parched autumn like that described in the extract we have quoted, are the exceptions, not the rule. Again, there may be no grass in Northern New York, and yet plenty in Southern New York, and in the rest of the Northern States. Very seldom is it the case that the same amount of rain falls in the summer, in all sections. But a traveller seldom is content to speak of what he sees; he must build up a vast fabric of generalization on one little incident.

Suppose that an American traveller in England during the last summer, should feel called upon to write a volume. This is the way he would do it—if he did like others. He would say:—

"The weather in England is so changeable during the summer that fire is constantly built in the dwelling, and thick winter clothing constantly in use. For long intervals of nearly three weeks at a time, the sun is not seen for even a space of an hour. The season being similar to that of France, where it also rains every day for weeks through the summer, with an occasional exception of an hour's sunshine—which is just sufficient to prove that there is a sun in this part of the world, a fact which a free-born American might fairly be excused for doubting."

Ah well, no doubt there are a good many American books written in this style—an overpowering tendency to generalize being the bane of all, and not merely of English, travellers.

BEAR IT IN MIND.—We trust that our English friends will bear in mind, that the late attempt to drag the Prince of Wales by main force under an Orange Arch, was not made by citizens of this "anarchical" Republic, but by the loyal subjects of the British crown, residing north of the Canada line.

Bearing this in mind, they will be able to perceive that mob violence is not actually the fruit of Republican institutions, but the result of the untamed passions of man—which untamed passions may run riot under any form of government.

THE SPEAKING LIKENESS.—As we still have occasional orders for this picture, we may state that we can no longer supply them at twenty-five cents apiece. If a letter fifty cents must accompany the order. They are dirt cheap at that.

The going back was less labor, for they had the wind with them, but it was not less dangerous. Some of the men, powerful, hardy sailors that they were, felt their strength dropping; they did not think they could hold out to the shore. Wilfred encouraged them, as he had done in going, cheering on their spirits, almost something their physical strength. But for him, they would several times have given up the effort in despair, when they were fast hunting on for the wreck.

"Dear on with a will, my brave lads," he urged; "don't let the fatigue master you. I and Bill Gaud are good for another turn yet; but we'll leave you on shore to search down, and bring them in your stead. You shall join again the third time. Cheerily on with a will! I wonder how many times it will take, to save them all?"

One of the rescued spoke up to answer. All could not speak, for some were lying, half-conscious, in the boat. He was an able-bodied seaman.

"It would take several times, master; but you'll never get the chance of going to her a third time, if you do a second. She was parting amidships."

"Parting amidships?"  
"I think so; and so did the captain. She must have struck upon a rock, and was grinding and cracking awfully."

"Where does she come?"  
"From New York. A passenger ship. A prosperous voyage we have had all along from starting, and this is the ending! A fine ship she was, spick and span new, eleven hundred tons register, her name 'The Wind.' I didn't like her name, for my part, when I joined her."

"Many passengers?"  
"Forty or fifty; about half a dozen of them first class; the rest, second."

"Did you jump overboard? Hoping to swim for your lives?"  
"No, no; who could swim in such a sea as this? All you saw in the sea were washed off. Some had sunk when you got to us."

Of course the above conversation had only been carried on at intervals, as the struggling boat permitted, and now it ceased altogether, for every energy had to be devoted to the boat, if they were to get her to the shore.

A low, heartfelt murmur of applause greeted their ears as they reached it; it might have been louder, but for remembrance of what the brave adventurers had yet to do, and the little chance there was of its being done—the very small portion these few saved, formed of those to be saved. As Wilfred Lester stepped ashore, his face white with exertion, and the salt foam dripping off him, it is possible he looked for a father's hand and a father's voice to welcome him. If so, he was mistaken. Mr. Lester was still there, but did not advance. What he might have done alone, it is impossible to say, but his wife was now with him. Strange to relate, Lady Adelaide had ventured, in her curiosity, down to the beach, and stood, leaving the wind, supported between her husband and Lord Dane. Perhaps Mr. Lester did not choose to notice Wilfred in the presence of his wife, for he knew how much at variance they were; or perhaps he already repented of his late greeting. Wilfred saw her standing there, and turned again to the life-boat.

"These poor creatures must be conveyed to warm beds, and warm fires," he exclaimed, looking at some of those he had helped to rescue, "or they may soon be no better off than they would have been if left in the water."

"I can receive two or three," exclaimed Richard Ravensbird, pressing forward. "I have not been able to do anything towards saving, but I am towards sheltering."

Two vehicles were waiting, having come down to be in readiness, if wanted, and they were brought into requisition, one of them taking the way to the Sailor's Rest. It contained a man who was too exhausted to speak much, or to notice anything, and a young man who appeared to be in attendance upon him, probably a friend.

"That we owe our lives to you this night, under God, there is little doubt," the latter cried, grasping Wilfred Lester's hand. "The time to thank you, I hope, will come."

Wilfred began muttering his second crew. Old Bill Gaud insisted upon being one.

"Not you, Dick," cried Wilfred to another; "I won't have you; you could not stand the labor."

"I'm as strong as I was before my illness, sir," pleaded Dick.

"I will not admit you, I say. Stand back. We have no time to lose."

Scarcely had the words left Wilfred Lester's mouth, when a prolonged, dreadful shriek, only too palpable to the ear, arose from the wreck. It was some minutes before those on shore could make out its cause. But, when they did; when they discovered what had happened—alas! alas! The rescued sailor's words had been too surely and swiftly verified. The vessel had parted amidships, and was settling down in the water.

Oh, for the life-boat now! One more voyage, and it may yet save a few of those now launched into the water. Before it could take a third, the rest will have been launched into eternity.

And the life-boat hastened on amidst cheers to force its mad way, but it rescued none. The hungry waters had made too sure of their prey.

## CHAPTER XIV.

## THE WRECK.

But three passengers had been rescued. The two conveyed to the Sailor's Rest, and had been chief cabin passengers, and a stowage passenger; the rest were seamen; and not one of the officers, all had gone with the ill-fated ship.

Messengers had been dispatched to Sophie, and when they got to her, she had warm beds in readiness, and hot stews, in case rubbing should be necessary. One man, it was he who had seemed so exhausted, had nothing on but his shirt and drawers. A large cloak had been thrown over him as they raised him out of the life-boat; and then he spoke a few words.

"My head. I am cold. Get a shirt for my head."

Shawie was not plentiful on the beach, for none had been brought down, but a large neck-handkerchief was found in somebody's pocket, and the man's head was wrapped in it. He slowly pulled it over his face, as if to shield it from the cold. Little could be seen of his features when he got to the Sailor's Rest, but Sophie jumped to the conclusion, by some reasoning process of her own, that he was a man of fifty or hard upon it. His wet hair hung about his face, nearly white hair. He declined all assistance, shut himself into the chamber prepared, dried himself by the fire, got into bed between the warm blankets, and then rang the bell.

It was for a large basin of hot gruel with a glass of brandy in it.

When the maid took it up to him, she said that the young man, his fellow passenger saved, wished to know if he could come in, or do anything for him.

No, was the answer. And the young man had better lose no time in getting to bed himself. He might come in in the morning; and nobody else was to disturb him till he had been in, unless he rung.

Sophie did not go to bed that night; she had said she would not, and was glad of the excuse of being busy. One of the rescued sailors had by some means got his head much cut; besides the two cabin passengers he was the only one taken to the Sailor's Rest, and Sophie busied herself in attending to him, and in drying the younger passenger's clothes—for he, who saved, had been completely drenched.

About eight in the morning, Sophie was in her parlor, when the passenger, mentioned, entered, attired in the said dried clothes. Sophie turned hastily, and thought, in that first moment, that she had never seen so prepossessing a man. He appeared about four-and-twenty, tall, and of lofty bearing, with clearly-cut features, dark hair, and a most attractive countenance.

"Are you a clever needle-woman?" asked he, with a very winning smile.

Mrs. Ravensbird, won by the good looks, the courteous manner, and the pleasant voice, began protesting that she was famous, nobody more clever than she. She had been out of door pupil in a convent in France for seven years, and let the Sisters alone for making girls into expert needle-women. Did the gentleman want a button sewn on?

The gentleman smiled again. Had it been only that, he thought he could have managed the job himself without troubling her, provided she had supplied him with needle and cotton.

"No," he continued, "it is something that requires more skill. I want a shade made for the eyes."

Sophie raised her own to the eyes looking at her; clear, bright eyes they were, of a dark gray, and she wondered what they could want with a shade.

"It is for my fellow passenger," he proceeded to explain. "I have been into his room, and all his cry is for a shade for his eyes. He suffered with them during the voyage, I observed, and the light of the room this morning affects them much."

"Oh, I'll soon make that," said Sophie. "Who is he, sir?"

"You must ask himself that question," was the reply. "A large shade, he said, made of thin card-board, covered with dark, blue or green silk, any color, in fact, and tapes to tie it on with."

"Tape?" ejaculated Sophie; "you mean ribbon, sir?"

"Anything. He will not care what the materials are, provided his eyes are shaded. I asked him about breakfast, but he seemed only anxious for the shade."

Sophie soon got her necessary materials; a sheet of card-board, which she fished up from somewhere, and some purple silk, the remnant of a dress; and set to work. The gentleman sat himself on the arm of an old horse-hair sofa opposite, and watched her fingers. His orders were, he said, laughingly, not to go up again without the shade.

"And so you and he met on board as fellow passengers?" cried Sophie, as she worked.

"Strangers, I suppose, to each other until then."

"We were on board, fellow passengers."

"It's strange how intimate people grow upon a sea voyage," resumed she, "just as if they had been friends for years. The old gentleman seems ill."

"Very ill. Very ill, indeed, he has been all the voyage."

"What is his name? What was he coming to England for?" proceeded Sophie. "I suppose he's an American?"

"His name—his name?" deliberated the gentleman, as if casting back his thoughts. "I am not sure that I heard his name mentioned during the time we were in the ship. As to his motive for coming to England, I cannot speak. Gentlemen travellers do not unconsciously inquire into each other's private affairs, Mrs. Ravensbird."

"I hope you will let me have the gratification of knowing your name, sir," continued Sophie, nothing daunted. "I'm sure it's a pleasant one."

"Do you guess so?" laughed he. "I do not discern much in it myself. Lydney."

"Lydney?" repeated Sophie, after him. "And are you an American, too, sir? And have you come over on business?"

"I have come over on pleasure—to look about me, never having had the honor of seeing old England before," answered he, good-humoredly. "How many more questions would you like answered, Mrs. Ravensbird?"

"Ah, hah! It's my French nature, and I ask you to excuse it. I am not English; you may tell that by my tongue; and we Gauls are always curious. Do you speak French, Mr. Lydney?"

"Quite as well as I do English. My mother was a French woman."

Sophie's eyes sparkled with delight; her heart had warmed to him at first, she said, and forthwith she commenced a rattling conversation in her native tongue. He sat there till the shade was finished, and then went up stairs with it.

In the course of the morning Lord Dane walked into the Sailor's Rest, to inquire after the rescued. Richard Ravensbird was not in the way at the moment, but Sophie was quite equal to receiving his lordship. In earlier days, when he was plain and poor Herbert Dane, she had been rather fond of chatting to him, or he was to her; and her manner to him still retained for more of one than did those of some of the inhabitants of Danesheld. Sophie began pouring into his ear all the news she had been able to collect, as regarded the two passengers, coupled with her own additions; for she was one of those who form conclusions according to their active imagination, and then assume them to be facts.

They were both Americans, from the United States, she said; the old gentleman travelling over here for his health, especially for a weakness in the eyes; and the young one for pleasure. They had first met on board, and got friendly together. The old gentleman's name she had not come at yet, but the young one's was Lydney. Such a pleasant young man!—spoke French like an angel—and as rattling and free as my lord himself used to be, in the bygone days. And Madame Sophie cast a half saucy glance to my lord when she said it.

"Are they gentlemen?" inquired Lord Dane. "Or people in business, merchants, and that sort of thing?"

"The young one's a gentleman, if ever I saw one," returned Mrs. Ravensbird, warmly. "In looks and manners he is fit, every inch of him, to be what you are, my lord—a British nobleman. There's no mistaking him for anything inferior. And, do you know, his face puts me in mind of somebody, but for the life of me I can't tell who. As to the other, the old man, I don't know whether he's a gentleman or not; I have seen little of him, except his shoulders and his purple shade; the one I made him; for there he lies, buried in his pillow and the bedclothes, his face to the wall, and his back up; and all you can discern of him, barring the shade, is his white hair."

"When we go in with a tray of refreshment, he tells us to put it on the table by the bed, and helps himself when we are gone."

"The younger one is up, I suppose," remarked Lord Dane.

"Oh, up hours ago, my lord; up and out. He seems in a fine way about some box being lost that was on board, and is gone towards the wreck to hear if there's any chance of things being got up. Does your lordship think there is?"

"A few things may be, perhaps; I cannot tell. I wish to send a message to this old gentleman, if you will convey it to him," continued his lordship. "Say that I, Lord Dane, shall be happy to render him any assistance, and if he would like me to pay him a visit, I can do so now."

Sophie ran up the stairs to the invalid's chamber, and came back again, shaking her head.

"I'll lay any money he's a cross-grained old bachelor," cried she, "he speaks up so sharply. He answered me quite rudely, my lord. My service to Lord Dane, but tell him I am a private individual, seeking only repose, and am not desirous of forming acquaintance, even with his lordship. You might speak it more civilly, I thought to myself, as I took it from him."

"Oh, very well," said Lord Dane. "When these disastrous circumstances occur, it is due from my position to show courtesy to the sufferers, but if it be refused—of course the obligation is at an end. It is the last time I shall trouble your old gentleman, Mrs. Ravensbird."

The wind was less violent this morning, and many people were gathered on the heights, watching the spot where the wreck had been. At low water part of the ship could be seen, and she lay with her larboard side to the rocks. Quantities of chips were floating about, and pieces of iron might be discerned on the beach. The masts and yards were gone, and there was no symptom of a low-spirited. Something more appalling than wood or iron floated in occasionally—a human body; not near enough, however, to terrify away the watchers on the heights, some of whom were ladies.

Standing most imprudently on the very edge of the heights, in their eager sympathy, their sad curiosity, were Miss Boddillon and Maria Lester. The latter, who was a little apart, bent forward to look at some bustle lying underneath, when a gust of wind, more furious than any they had experienced that morning, suddenly swept over them, swept over Maria, and—

"Take care, Maria!" shrieked out Miss Boddillon, in an agony of terror.

Whether Maria could have "taken care," must remain an unanswered question. Certain it is, that the wind shook her, and she had all but lost her balance, when, at the very moment of peril, just as Miss Boddillon called out, a strong arm was thrown round her, and snatched her into safety. She had felt her own danger, and her face was perfectly white, as she turned it to her preserver.

She saw a stranger. A young, aristocratic man, who had "gentleman" stamped on every motion and lineament.

"I thank you very greatly," she said to him, from between her agitated lips; "I did not know the wind was still so high."

Miss Boddillon, in her gratitude, laid hold of the stranger's hand.

"Let me thank you; let me thank you; I do believe you have saved her from destruction. Ah, Maria! you may well weep!" she added, as Maria, overcome by the fear and agitation of the moment, let fall a few hysterical tears. "How could you be so imprudent!—how could you advance so near? Thank him better, child, for there's no doubt he has saved you from death!"

"Not from death so certain as I was saved from last night," he smiled, hoping to reassure Miss Lester. "I was a passenger in that ill-fated ship," he said, in answer to the inquiring looks of Miss Boddillon, "and was one of those rescued by the life-boat."

"Is it possible?"

"But for a gentleman who took the command of that life-boat, and shamed the sailors—as I hear—into manning her, sharing himself the danger, we should all have perished," he proceeded. "He was but a stripling, no older than myself; but he showed a braver heart than the trained-to-danger sailors."

Maria's face was glowing as a damask rose, and the tears rested on the eyelashes.

"Shall I tell you who that was?" she asked. "It was my dear brother, Wilfred Lester."

And in a few minutes it seemed as though they had been conversing together for years. There are certain events that break the barrier of restraint more effectually than time can do.

"We must not part without hearing your name," said Miss Boddillon.

"William Lydney."

"And I am Miss Boddillon. And this is my address," she added, giving him a card, for she, like many other old-fashioned ladies, kept her card-case in her pocket. "I hope, Mr. Lydney, that you will call upon us."

"That I will be sure to do," he answered, a gratified expression lighting his countenance. And he lifted his hat as Miss Boddillon and Maria moved away.

The chamber in which the invalid lay, at the Sailor's Rest, was a commodious room, the bed at the further end of it, opposite the door, and the fire place in the middle, between the two. It was very comfortably furnished: a sofa, a centre-table and side tables, besides the requisite furniture for a sleeping-room, but its space afforded good accommodation. On the same evening at dusk, Mr. Ravensbird himself was in the chamber, attending to the fire, when the sick gentleman suddenly addressed him.

"What sort of a neighborhood is this?"

Mr. Ravensbird probably wondered in what light he was intended to take the question, whether as to its natural, its social, its political features, or any others. But he did not inquire.

"It's a dull neighborhood rather," said he. "Except when it gets enlivened by any such event as that, last night; or by a peaching or smuggling affray. Lord Dane's having abandoned it for several years did not tend to make it gay."

"Is he your great man of the locality, I conclude, this Lord Dane?"

"Oh yes, sir. The Danes have been the lords of Danesheld from times unnumbered. And plenty of state they have kept up. But, to have the castle closed, or as good as closed, has been like a blight upon the place."

"The present Lord Dane has been absent from it?" questioned the invalid.

"He went abroad almost as soon as he came with the title, within two or three months of it, and has not long returned. Night or nine years he must have been away."

"Is he married?"

"No, sir. His sister is with him at the castle at present; Miss Dane. And will stop, people surmise, unless his lordship should give it another mistress."

"Perhaps you'll inform me what you are talking of," cried the invalid from the bed. "Lord Dane has no sister."

"Yes he has, sir. And she is with him, as I tell you, at the castle."

"Then I tell you he has not a sister," was the sick man's irritable answer, but delivered in a subdued, quiet tone as the rest of his conversation had been, as though the voice stuck in the throat. "Some years ago I was in this part of the world and knew all the Danes, the present Lord I knew very well; there was no sister then."

Richard Ravensbird thought it as well to drop the contention and suffer the stranger to have his own way, for he did not appear one likely to relinquish it. He stretched his head up to get a sight of the sick man's face, but did not succeed, the upper part was under the purple shade, and the lower part under the bedclothes.

"Yes, I knew a good bit of the Danes then," went on the invalid. "My lord and my lady, the two sons, the cousin-in-law, all of them. Has the younger one, William Henry, ever been heard of?"

"How do you mean, sir?" quickly cried Ravensbird, who began to doubt whether the stranger was cognizant that he, Richard Ravensbird, had been suspected of, and charged with the murder, a point upon which he was sensitive. "He was heard of so far as that his body was found, and was buried in the family vault."

"How did you recognize it?"

"By certain marks," replied Ravensbird. "I recognized it myself. I was Captain Dane's servant."

"It was a nasty pitch over, that fall from the heights," soliloquized the stranger: "it took place while I was in Danesheld."

"I beg your pardon, sir, you are never Colonel Moncton?" breathlessly uttered Ravensbird.

"What if I am?" coolly asked the stranger. Ravensbird paused. He did not know "what," but felt in much doubt and surprise. Convinced moreover also that, whoever it might be, whether Colonel Moncton or another, his own suspected share in the affair was known. He therefore set himself to speak of it calmly and openly, as he always did, to those aware of the struggle; otherwise he preferred to maintain a complete reticence on all points relating to that night.

"Yes, it was a fatal fall, a nasty struggle," Ravensbird observed; "and who the adversary was, remains a mystery to this day. Two or three were suspected. I, for one, and was taken up on suspicion; and a packman, for another, who was seen in angry contest with the captain on the heights, that same night; but I, in my own mind, suspected somebody else."

"Pray whom did you suspect?"

"I should be sorry to tell," answered Ravensbird.

"What were the grounds for suspecting you?" inquired the invalid, after a pause.

"That quarrel I had with Captain Dane, which I suppose you heard of, if you heard of the rest. It occurred in the morning, when he kicked me out of the castle, and the catastrophe took place in the evening. People's suspicions—and naturally enough, I acknowledge—were to me. But they were wrong. I would have saved my master's life with my own; I would almost bring him back to life now at the sacrifice of my own, were it in my power. I was much attached to him, and I am faithful to his memory."

"In spite of the kicking out?" put in the stranger.

"Pshaw!" returned Ravensbird. "A dispute of a moment, in which we both lost our tempers, could not destroy the friendship of years. Yes, sir, I presume to say it; friendship. He was the Honorable Captain Dane, and I but his

servant, and though he never lost his dignity, any more than I forgot my place, there was a feeling between us that might be called friendship."

There ensued a long silence. The gentleman broke it.

"What has become of Herbert Dane? He was to have married Lady Adelaide Errol. There was some—some talk of such a thing, I fancy."

"He did not marry her. Ah! that was another mystery. She would not have him, after all; and she married Mr. Lester. She has a whole troop of children now."

"And where is Herbert Dane? What has become of him?"

Ravensbird turned round to the bed in astonishment.

"He is at the castle now, sir; I have just said so."

"He at the castle! What for?"

"The castle is his home, sir," replied Ravensbird, beginning to wonder whether the sick man was in his right mind.

"Whose home? I am speaking of Herbert Dane. What should bring the castle his home? Does Lord Dane tolerate him there?"

"Why, sir, is it possible you do not know that Herbert Dane—that was—the present Lord Dane?" uttered Ravensbird. "He succeeded the old lord."



## GOLD.

Some persons seem to have rather exaggerated ideas of the effect of increasing the supply of the precious metals; witness the following paragraph, from one of our exchanges:—

If gold were as abundant as iron, it would be cheaper than iron, for then no one would give a pound of iron for a pound of gold. Gold is not so valuable an article for exchange as it used to be. Eighteen hundred years ago, the exchange value of gold was at least ten times as great as it is now, for then there was much less of it. If gold was only used to exchange for wheat, then it would be only a millionth of wheat, and just a millionth of wheat, a bushel of wheat might be exchanged for an ounce of gold. But if there were twenty million bushels of wheat, and a million ounces of gold, an ounce of gold would be exchanged for twenty bushels of wheat. When wheat is very plentiful, it takes more of it to buy a given amount of gold; just so when gold is very plentiful, it takes more of it to buy a given amount of wheat. So you see the world would not be any richer than now, if a hundred times as much gold were found as there is now. The only result would be, that it would take more gold to buy other things.

The word "abundant," in the above case, has a rather indefinite meaning—a very costly thing to produce, may yet be produced in "abundant" quantities. And the value of the article will be determined, in a great degree, by the cost of producing it. Thus, if gold were as plentiful as nature as iron, and a pound of gold could be produced at the same price as a pound of iron, their relative values would be the same—if their usefulness to man were the same. But if a pound of gold took ten times as much labor to produce it, it might be just as plentiful as iron, and yet ten times dearer.

Then again, if you increase the quantity of gold in the world twenty times as much as you increase the quantity of wheat, it does not follow that it will take twenty times as much gold to buy the same amount of wheat. If there was only one ounce of gold in the world, it would not buy all the wheat in the world; and if there was only one bushel of wheat in the world, it would not take all the gold to buy it. Destroy half of the gold in this country to-morrow, and in all probability the price of wheat would not fall one-fourth. Then again, if the gold was filled with paper money, the rise of wheat might be double the fall.

We think, for our part, that the world would be richer than now, "if a hundred times as much gold were found as there is now." Gold has many other uses besides its use as a currency—and its use as a mere minister to the sense of beauty, is by no means to be considered a low or inferior one. Perhaps it is really one of the highest—as the rose may have a higher and more spiritual mission than the nutritious grain.

But the subject is a very wide one—and few, if any, understand it in all its bearings. That there is a general connection between the prices of products and the amount of currency (gold, silver, and paper credit) is doubtless true; that there is a regular response in the rise or fall of prices, to the rate of increase or decrease of that currency, cannot, we think, be shown. Prices are affected by so many considerations, and articles have such a relative value to each other, as well as to the currency, that he must needs be a more profound thinker and acute observer than is often seen in this world, to be able to tell whether the price of any article will be higher or lower at the end of a year.

## THOSE OLD STOVES.

We would respectfully suggest to the Directors of the German town Railroad, now that the winter is approaching, that those old stoves which have served the company to the best of their ability for so many years, should not be pressed again into service. In the natural course of events in this world, everything must have an end. We know this to be true, although the continued endurance of those old stoves would seem to throw doubt upon the assertion. And yet, even in their case, the spirit of the act "for the prevention of cruelty to animals," would seem to forbid any longer tampering with such decaying and rickety organizations. If the Directors have too much regard for those venerable stoves to sell them as old iron, let them call a special meeting of the company, and bury them decently—the stockholders following two and two, preceded by the Directors with tears in their eyes, mourning alike over the sad fate of the old stoves, and the expense of getting new ones. If an epitaph should be wanted, to cut upon the tombstone, the following is at the service of the Company:—

Here lie these stoves—them good old stoves! We think they're gone to heaven! That they could go to any spot Where the fire is wanted rather hot, There's not one chance in seven.

REPORTING BACKWARDS.—Mr. Cobden, the English Reformer, it seems, was recently given the credit of certain opinions which he is by no means anxious to father. Whereupon he writes as follows:—

"The paragraph you enclosed, giving a conversation of mine, is one of those rascally acts of eaves-dropping for which American newspaper writers are so notorious. There is a good deal of the paragraph which agrees with what I have thought; but whether I expressed it in private conversation is more than I could swear to, as no one expects to be made responsible for private gossip. There ought to be the punishment of the pillory or the stocks revived for those who publish in newspapers the unguarded remarks which fall from a man in private conversation, when he frequently speaks merely to provoke a reply and keep people from going to sleep over too serious an interchange of views."

Such practices are very reprehensible certainly, but we are surprised that a great Reformer like Mr. Cobden, should go in for the "revival" of those relics of barbarism—the pillory and the stocks. Now will it sound in history, when some new Macanlay—with what truth our readers may judge—shall record this of Mr. Cobden.

Four-story shirt collars are all the rage. We saw one the other day with a steeple to it. This increase in building has proved very profitable to the linen and starch trade. Short-necked people, in order to keep pace with the spirit of improvement, should get their ears moved up a little higher.

## A SUMMER RAMBLE.

NUMBER FOUR.

Loomax, August 24, 1860.

Mr. Editor of the Post:—

The rain, which has so sorely tormented nearly the whole of Europe, during this most unpropitious of summers, and which detained our party for several days at Interlachen, cleared up at last, and we started, at a very early hour, in an open carriage, and ready to enjoy to the utmost the beauties of the romantic valley in which lies Lauterbrunnen, with its magnificent waterfall, the next point on the route sketched out for our wanderings; and whence we were to make our first Alpine ascent—that of the beautiful Wengern Alp at the foot of the Jungfrau—to be followed by that of the Brünig and Great Schideck Passes; all famous for the splendor of their views, and surrounded by the snowy giants which constitute the peculiar attraction of Alpine tourists.

This most lovely valley is as full of legends as of beauties. One point is held to be the scene which Byron had in his mind in his description of the residence of "Manfred"; another point is shown as the place where the Lord of Rothenthorn murdered his brother, and then, stung with remorse, deserted his ancestral castle, and fled from the sight of his followers into the recesses of the mountains, where he perished miserably. The picturesque ruins of the ancient castle of Unterwalden, perched on an eminence, but half lost amid fir and brushwood, formerly belonged to a very old baronial race, who were lords of the whole Oberland, from the Grimsel to the Gemmi.—Burkard, the last male descendant of this family, had a beautiful and only daughter, the Lady Ida; and this daughter had given her heart to an adoring young knight, who was attached to the court of Count Berchthold of Zähringen, between whom and Burkard a long and deadly feud subsisted. Rudolph of Wadenwyl, the young Lady's lover, despairing of obtaining her father's consent to his suit, scaled the castle walls by night, and carried off the Lady Ida, whom he immediately espoused. Many years of sanguinary strife ensued between the bride's father and the party of her husband; and no intercessions of hers seemed likely to stop the bloodshed between their respective retainers and allies. But at length, sick of all this tumult and slaughter, Rudolph determined on making a supreme effort to obtain his father-in-law's forgiveness; and taking his infant son in his arms, with the Lady Ida by his side, he presented himself, unarmed, at the gates of Burkard's stronghold. This appeal to the old Baron's affection and generosity so strongly affected him that he burst into tears, forgot his anger, and receiving his children in his arms, made Rudolph's son the heir to his vast possessions. At the time of this happy reconciliation, the old Baron had said,

"Let this day be forever celebrated among us! and rural games were accordingly, for many years, held on the spot. These were revived in the early part of the present century, and consisted of the gymnastic exercises, wrestling, pitching stones, &c., so common in Switzerland, and at which, at the favorite periodic gatherings, called "Schwing-feste," the Swiss compete for the prizes given to the strongest and most skillful. A huge fragment of rock, weighing 184 pounds, which, on one of these occasions, was hurled ten feet by an athlete from Appenzell, may still be seen here, half buried in the ground.

The beautiful valley of Lauterbrunnen is remarkable for its narrowness, and the nearly vertical precipices, clothed with orchards, patches of barley, and forests of fir, that hem it in. Its name means, literally, "nothing but springs," and well it is named, innumerable streamlets descending headlong from the tops of the rocky mountains on either hand, and casting themselves, like so many tremendous threads of silver, into the foaming river that rushes so swiftly through the valley, fed by the distant glacier-torrent of the Schmadribach, dimly seen pouring down from the flanks of the snowy mountain that fills the head of the valley. So deep is this valley, that the sun, even in summer, does not show himself until seven o'clock; in winter, not before twelve—but vivid and striking as is the scenery of the valley, its principal attraction is the famous waterfall of the Staubbach, or Dust Fall, one of the loveliest in Europe, being nearly 900 feet in height, pouring in graceful pendant curves over the edge of the vertical precipice from which it plunges, without let, halt or hindrance, into the depths of the valley below. The stream itself is inconsiderable in point of volume; its peculiarity consisting in the immense, unbroken length of its vertical fall, during which it is shivered into shining, dust-like spray long before it reaches the bottom. Byron has likened this most beautiful fall to "the tail of the Great White Horse in the Apocalypse;" most ladies would probably liken it to a pendant scarf of the most exquisite gauze; the two similes together affording a pretty good idea of its appearance.

After gazing at this most beautiful object until our eyes ached, and we had been nearly drenched with the clouds of spray that are driven off from its base to a distance of many yards, we got into one of the little rough pony carriages of the region, and explored the valley as far as practicable by wheels, purchasing delicious strawberries of little bare-footed children, and "doing" two or three subsidiary wonders in the way of waterfalls, one of which, a considerable stream, has worn its channels so deep into the rocky side of the valley that it cannot be seen until you clamber into the fissure, though filling the air to a considerable distance with its deafening roar. At a very early hour next morning—for no one thinks of beginning these mountain-doings later than six o'clock—our party was off for its first "ascentation;" the ladies stuck upon the rough-looking horses in use on these occasions, the gentlemen, who had purchased alpine stocks the preceding day, of the women who deal in these and similar articles in the cottages about the foot of the Staubbach, accompanying on foot.

To those of my fair readers who have never "done" one of these ascentations, it is impossible to convey any but a very abstracted idea of their interest. The path is usually such as would be considered impracticable, even for bipeds, anywhere but among the Alps; narrow, uneven, full of holes, some of which are left to yawn as they please, others being partially filled with blocks of stone, among which your foot must founder and stumble to the amazement and despair of its rider, and though the surefooted and intelligent animals are rarely known to fall, it is impossible for you to imagine that it can keep its feet in such a road. Add to this that the path in its zig-zagging windings, is usually very much more steep than the roof of an ordinary house; that it frequently consists of a kind of rude staircase, which, though its steps are somewhat broader than those of ordinary houses, is usually much steeper, its steps being formed sometimes of masses of stone, sometimes of logs of wood firmly bedded in the soil, the space between these logs being filled with great stones, some fast, others loose; and that the path, narrow and indistinguishable, but usually fenced in at the lower points of the ascent, often passes along precipices which fall away, sheer and dizzying, for hundreds and thousands of yards beneath you, is utterly without fence of any kind in its higher portions. You soon perceive that the holding of the reins, under such circumstances, is a mere work of supererogation; and getting the guide who tramps along at your horse's head, to the useless "ribbands" round his neck, so as to have them comfortably out of the way, you hold on firmly to the rail which surrounds your saddle, and helps to keep you in your seat, and trusting to Providence, the guide, and the steed, hold your breath to keep from screaming, and endure the unspeakable bumps, thumpings, jerkings, and jollings which necessarily result from the positions into which your steed is thrown in his efforts to keep his feet. Sometimes the horse is reared on his hind legs, while his fore legs with difficulty lift the ground, or inanimate themselves among the logs and stones, as he pulls himself up to the higher point before him; sometimes the road makes a sudden pitch of a few yards, round some steep shoulder, and it is the turn of his hind legs to be upmost, as he feels down before him cautiously with his fore legs, while nothing short of a miracle seems to keep you from slipping down over his head, and the jolt with which the patient creature brings down his hind quarters, when he has succeeded in planting his forelegs on something firm, is admirably calculated to give you a "realizing sense" of what would be your sensations if condemned to suffer martyrdom by being "shaken to pieces." In general, a slip of the horse is followed by an oblique exclamation of the guide, and a firmer next-step of the animal; but in very bad places, and especially where the road is very wet from rain, or from a stream having taken possession of it, the horse will sometimes execute a succession of long, jolting slides, from which it seems impossible that he should ever recover himself, and at every one of which you give yourself up to certain destruction, or at the least, the breakage of half the bones in your body.

Of course these climbings are performed at the slowest possible walk; an entire day being consumed in performing a length of way which, on level ground, and a more practicable road, would be easily gotten over in a couple of hours. As to the descents, which are still more difficult, and in which the motion of the horse is still more distressing to the rider, very few of them can be performed on horseback. Few persons would have the courage to face the wide gulph of space that opens before you when you turn your back to the side of the mountain; and fewer still could endure the physical distress caused by the motion of the horse, as it founders down with its crupper in the air, and its head almost lower than its hoofs.

So much for the physical enjoyment of a mountain-climb; and which is only rendered endurable by the hope of seeing the Alpine Giants in their glory, and as they can never be seen or imagined from lower altitudes. And how magnificently glorious they are, these white-robed, solitary dwellers in the blue, with the massive grandeur of their mighty outlines, the majestic sweep of their glaciers, the roar of their ice torrents, and the thunder echoing of their avalanches! But my pen is running on too fast; and must turn back, from this glimpse of the heights where the stern, fair Giants hold their court in upper air, to note the varied beauties which tempt the most timid to undertake these ascentations, and most amply overpay the various concomitant miseries.

In the first place, flowery as are the Swiss pastures in the valleys—and it really would seem as though Swiss hay must contain a dozen blossoms for every blade of grass—this floral bloom grows richer with every step you take, as you advance upon the mountain, and above the carpet of wild strawberries and raspberries that covers its base. Except the common English daisy—which I have not seen anywhere in Switzerland, though the great "moon-daisy" grows in profusion both in the valleys and on the hills—every English wild-flower grows luxuriantly upon the Alps, together with many which are seen in England only as denizens of the garden; and in addition to these are an amazing number of flowers peculiar to these regions, some of them seeming to be peculiar to each Alp, and not showing themselves on the others. Many of the common English wildflowers, moreover, here assume a growth of hue, and even a variety of color or depth, that fairly entitle the old friends to be counted as new ones; the modest white flower so much beloved by English children under the familiar name of "Heaven and Chalkens," for instance, grows both much larger, and much smaller, on the Alps, and puts on every conceivable shade of pink and lilac; the dandelion, too, is found of many shades, from the most delicate straw-color to the hue of the Maltese orange; the myriads of harebells inwreath in fanciful caprices, and come out in tall waving clusters, with the long orthodox stems which tremble in the lightest wind, or restrict themselves to three, two, or even a single blossom, strongly hang on a sturdy stem of only an inch or two in height. The Indian pink, thrift, columbine, snapdragon, crimson thistle, as fragrant as they are beautiful, campanulas,

centaury-bell, and a thousand others, grow to profusion; the stone-crop—always yellow elsewhere but here, decking every patch of rock with delicate broderies of white, pink, gold, and purple—the ever-lushy thyme, the wild mint, the beautiful dwarf anemone, known here as the "Alpine rose," and covering thousands of acres with its glowing blossoms, together with the rich ferns peculiar to these mountains, cover every inch of surface, and convert the rugged mountain-sides into a vast mosaic, of the most admirable hue, and of most delicious perfume. The scarlet clusters of the heather, are everywhere to be seen, with a host of other shrubs peculiar to the region, laden with red, black, and purple berries. The groves of pines constitute another delightful feature of the scene; and in these Nature shows herself as capriciously lavish of variety and ornament as in the flowers, some of them bearing the ordinary brown cones so well known wherever fir-trees flourish, while others are rich in clusters of gold, of amber, of rosy pink, and most beautiful of all, of a warm reddish purple, contrasting magnificently with the dark green of the spiky foliage, and the soft gray of the long pendant moss that hangs from the under side of the branches.

It is very interesting to those who explore the Alps for the first time, to note the changes which succeed one another in the aspect of the region about them. While plodding through the valley you have a river, as a matter of course, tumbling and foaming under a few rustic bridges, grassland, patches of crops, walnut, cherry, and apple trees, with here and there an oak or elm;—cottages, church spires, and the dingy-looking barns in which the villagers keep their stock of hay for the coming winter. When you begin to ascend the mountain, you see the chalets of the cowherds dotted over its turgid sides, at a considerable distance above you, with herds of cattle lazily browsing to the soft tinkling of the bells round their necks; the straggling edges of the groves of fir which clothe the hills above the region of the chalets being the only trees to be seen at that height. Having journeyed successfully past the chalet, you enter the region of the fir; when these are past, you are surrounded only by low bushes and flowers. Above the flowers come the mosses; above these, bare, stern, hard rocks, without the faintest trace of vegetation; then the snow; and above the snow, the impenetrable blue. At every step some new object of interest, some new point of view, meets the eye; the field of vision grows wider, and its elements are seen under a new aspect. The valley at your feet assumes new forms and puts on new tints; distant waterfalls come into sight, shining in the sunlight, and lowering peaks, unseen before, lift themselves silently into view, gleaming with the impenetrable whiteness of eternal snow, or wreathed with mists, or capped with clouds, according to the overwhelming whims of the weather. What with the purity and freshness of the air, the spiky exhalations of the fir and flowers, the magnificent panoramas spread before you on every hand, and the hope of still finer views from the summit of the pass, it is impossible to conceive of anything more exhilarating and spirit-stirring than these ascentations, on a fine day, despite the equatorial horrors by which they are inevitably attended.

But glorious as are your sensations during one of these ascentations, provided the sun be shining, just so ignominious is the state to which you are reduced if overtaken, as is, alas! too often the case, by rain. For no one who has not been in Switzerland in bad weather has any idea of what rain can be; and at these high altitudes, where you mount into, and above, the ordinary path of the clouds, you are necessarily exposed, far more than at a lower height, to the vicissitudes of the weather. The present season has been, in Switzerland, as through the greater part of the old world, the wettest and coldest within the memory of the present generation; and great has been the sum of disappointment thus caused to this summer's wanderers among the Alps.

For ourselves, the weather remained fair until we had gained the summit of the Wengern Alp; when thick masses of cloud began driving into the pass, impairing our view of the avalanches that were thundering about us in every direction down the sides of the Jungfrau, which, with its attendant peaks of the Schideck, the Eiger, and the Mönch, tower above the Wengern Pass, encircling it with their glaciers—and gradually shutting out everything from our view save about fifty yards immediately before our noses.

Imagine the descent of an Alp under such circumstances; the pelting rain, the driving wind, the sudden conversion of the "road" into an endless alternation of puddle and stream; the splashing, stumbling, slipping, and sliding, and the pitiable state of soaking and mud in which, after six or seven hours of "progress under difficulties," one reaches the inn which is to be one's halting-place for the night!

Such, with the exception of a few bright gleams, was the fate of our party on the Brünig and Great Schideck Passes; though we had lost several days between each ascentation in waiting for the "better weather" that was constantly predicted, but that did not come. Equitable misfortune here and there we had; but of the magnificent succession of snow peaks, glaciers, ice-seas, mountain-torrents, and the towering glories of the vast mass of the Jungfrau, overhanging the latter pass through its entire length, the evanescent bank of mist that chose to settle doggedly into every cranny of the mountains, on both occasions, allowed us to see literally nothing, except such of their lower features as lay too close to our desolate track to be shut out even by the rain that fell in a dense and solid sheet throughout those good-for-nothing days!

One word about avalanches, and I must bring this yarn, already too long, to an end. They are formed, as everybody knows, of the softer snow on the steepest sides of the snowy mountains, which snow, being detached by the effects of a thaw, or of the wind, rolls downwards with a thundering noise whose echoes reverberate from every direction, filling the silence with a majestic roar which harmonizes magnificently with the wild grandeur of the surrounding scene. The appearance of an avalanche is rather beautiful than imposing; and you can hardly believe that the falling of the powdery

snow-drift you have just caught sight of up there upon the snowy heights of the mountain under, can have set all those thundering a going. Yet that light, powdery drift, breaking into white dust with a motion like that of waves as it breaks into foam, was made up of masses of snow and ice, weighing many thousands of tons; and terrible is the mischief they do when they fall into valleys that serve as the abodes of men. For instance, in the winter of 1819 one of these graceful, innocent-looking drifts of what appears at a distance like a mere shower of white dust and pebbles, fell from this very Wengern to see whose glories we vainly toiled up the long day's pull of the Schideck, getting nothing but a nine-hours' soiling for our pains, and precipitated itself from the gap in the precipice above the village of Randa, through which the Rös glacier descends. This gap is 1,500 feet high; the avalanche, in its descent, did not, happily for Randa, fall upon it, but passed a little on one side of it; yet the mere draught of air by its fall from so vast an elevation, destroyed the greater part of the houses, scattering the timbers of which they were built, like so many straws, to the distance of a mile, over the sides of the mountain, and hurling millions many fathoms up hill!

After all our fatigue and disappointment among the mountains, caused by the well-justified incessant rain, our satisfaction in settling down for a few days' rest on the banks of this most beautiful of European lakes, will readily be understood; and here, wishing that all the readers of THE POST whose lots may ever take them into Switzerland may be favored with more propitious weather than has been vouchsafed to the Alps during the present season, I take my leave of them until next week.

## QUANTUM.

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER.—Mr. Alice W., residing in Seventh street below Second, is over fifty-seven years of age, having been born in April, 1803. At the age of 30 she married, and since that time her domestic peace has been uninterrupted by sickness of any kind, and undisturbed by the cares that invade families contemporaneously with the advent of children. About a week ago, she attended her husband, physician, and friends, by giving birth to a pair of boy twins, both of whom were large, healthy, rosy, plump, and pretty as babies ever are, such from present appearance, likely to live a hundred years. The gray-haired mother is fast recovering from her singular illness, and filled with a sense of pain-bought happiness, enjoys her new relationship as much, apparently, as any mother could.

The case, we do not believe, has a parallel in the history of the century, and we doubt very much whether, outside of the Bible, can be found the relation of a similar one. Nature, it would seem, is always ready to startle humanity with some marvellous thing which appears to be a violation of all her known laws, both of whom seem miracles, both mendicants and philosophers, as well as physiologists and physicians, as much in the dark in regard to what is latent with her, as they are in regard to the language of the angels, or the customs of the inhabitants of the Pleiades.

NONE OF THEM WORKING.—According to the London Observer, the Atlantic Telegraph Cable is not the only deep sea telegraph communication which refuses to work. The Red Sea telegraph is out of order; the Malta and Cagliari line, of about 300 miles in length, has long been interrupted. The line to Algiers has been abandoned, the cable from Malta to Corfu has also gone the way of its predecessors; that from Aden to Karachi has contributed nothing for some time past to the stock of weekly despatches. The failure of all these is attributed to want of knowledge of the qualities of the materials employed, and the peculiar character of the electric fluid. There has been not only insufficient experience, but a great want of care in the manufacture of submarine telegraphs, and a desire to economize expenditure. Notwithstanding these failures, there are projects in Europe for laying down other deep sea telegraph lines, including one across the Atlantic from Denmark to America.

MUST BE GLAD TO HEAR IT.—Count Persigny, in an address to the Department of the Loire, took occasion to re-assure England that the French Emperor means no harm towards that Government. The political system imposed by the treaties of 1815 having been subverted by Europe herself, "France no longer threatens nor is threatened. Her work is achieved, and the mission of the new Empire is accomplished. The military role of France in Europe is at an end." This "military role of France" has given a great deal of uneasiness to Europe, and particularly to England, and all those powers who looked upon the large military establishment of France as a "standing menace," must be glad to hear that it is at an end. If the French Emperor had not desolved the world in the first instance, he would not have to repeat so often the declarations of his peaceful intentions before he can be believed.

SILK MANUFACTURE IN THE UNITED STATES.—The Economist says:—"It is estimated that there are now about thirty-six mills in operation in different parts of the United States, in which from 8,000 to 10,000 hands are constantly employed. About three-fourths of the operators are children under sixteen years of age, who are engaged at comparatively trifling wages. The entire value and machinery of the mills connected with the silk trade is estimated at \$3,000,000. The average cost of manufacture on silk goods is about one-half of the value of the raw material. Taking, therefore, the value of the import of the raw silk, in 1859, at one million, we shall have about \$2,000,000 as the present value of the annual production of silk goods in the United States."

MATTHEWS FILLED WITH WOOD.—One of the Down East inventions of the past year is a machine for making curled hair for mattresses filling out of wood. A solid block of maple, basswood, quaking asp, or any other sweet scented inexpensive wood, is rapidly converted into a fluted mass, much resembling white horse hair, and this makes excellent filling for mattresses, and is much cheaper than hair, wool, or cotton, and better than horse, dog, or grass, &c. The machine is not expensive, and can be set up in any place where wood is plenty, and where there is water or steam-power. It can be worked by any ordinary mechanic.

INSANITY.—Dr. Jarvis, who has just visited all the English insane institutions, with a Government order that everything should be shown him, reports that their system is far more humane than the American; that wooden window-frames have taken the place of the iron ones; that eighty per cent. of the inmates are employed; that Dr. Connelly is due the credit of leading this reform.

THE LATE VITAL STATISTICS OF GREAT BRITAIN AND FRANCE show that twice as many persons are born in a year as are married; and that out of a thousand persons, the births in a year in Great Britain were 34 to 27 in France, the deaths 27 to 34, and the marriages 16 to 16.

TO MAKE SHREBBERY BLOSSOM AGAIN.—Mr. Editor:—For the especial benefit of those who love to surround themselves with the treasures of the floral kingdom, I write these lines, and ask for them a place in the columns of THE POST. And though I do not claim to have made an original discovery of the fact of which I shall hereafter speak, yet it may not be generally known, and by publishing this you may have the thanks of many who love to retain around them the appearance of the vernal season if not the reality; and enjoy at least twice a-year the beauty and perfume of spring's earliest flowers. The fact to which I allude is that of making shrebberry blossoms blossom again, or once more than it otherwise would if left alone. The process is simple enough, consisting merely in putting or clipping of the leaves about the middle of summer, and the work is done. I have only experimented upon the Lilac (Syringa vulgaris). Hearing it remarked that stripping the leaves off this bush would have the effect of making it blossom again, I determined to try the experiment upon a lilac bush which grew in our garden. So I pulled all the leaves off the first day of August, and now at this date the twenty-fourth of the same month it is in full bloom. The thyruses are not so large, but three times the number that it produces in the spring. In four or five days after stripping you could see that the flower buds had swelled, and in the remarkably short time of twenty-four days the flowers had fully expanded. Now for the experiment may be successful with other kinds of shrebberry I cannot say, yet think it would succeed with many. There is something so flattering to man's existing nature, in the idea that he may command the trees to blossom and they obey him, that of course I was greatly pleased at the success of my experiment.

Respectfully yours, HOMER L. SUMNER. Sullivan Co., Missouri, Aug. 24th, 1860.

[NOTE.—The above plan is worth a trial, but it should be tried cautiously on a few plants at a time. We should fear that the ultimate result would be the injury if not speedy death of the plant experimented upon, from exhaustion. Mr. S. must let us know if he has any lilacs next spring, and how his bush is then.—Editor THE POST.]

EPICURUM ON A DECOLLETE DRESS.—That "effects are the same from a similar cause," is one of the famous Epicurean laws. Whose fidelity we may discover:—

For—quite in the teeth of the logical rule, The style of apparel that keeps Emma cool, Just kindles a flame in her lover!—Fanny Fair.

GRADUAL REPUTATION.—Gradual reputation is like a man who wants to be taken out of a burning building, but who says to those about him—"Now, don't take me out too suddenly; take me down first to a room where it is not so hot as it is here; and then to another room, where there is still less heat, and so take me out gradually." Why, the man would be a cipher before he got him out. A man who wants to reform should reform precipitantly.

A country justice of the peace, when upwards of seventy years of age, married a girl almost nineteen, and being well aware that he was likely to be rallied on the subject, he resolved to be prepared. Accordingly, when any of his intimate friends called upon him, after the first salutations were passed, he was sure to begin the conversation by saying he believed he could tell them news. "Why," says he, "I have married my tailor's daughter." If he was asked why he did so, the old gentleman replied, "Why, the father suited me so well for forty years past, that I thought the daughter might suit me for forty years to come."

CHARLES READE BELIEVES IN AMERICAN LITERARY GENIUS, but thinks you must look for it in the newspapers. "Read the American papers. You reveal in a world of new truths, new fancies, and glorious romances! In Great Britain there are 505 newspapers; in America there are 4,000; and these he buried, for the present, many an immortal genius—buried, but to me not hidden. I can see their stifled gleams in reading these papers."

A HINT TO MARTIN THE VEGETARIAN VOYAGER.—In rowing a boat on vegetable principles look out for leaks. That's wherry funny!—Fanny Fair.

DR. WINDSHIP IS OPPOSED TO ALL SEVERE EXERCISE; we have heard him say, that all time, as a general rule, spent in a gymnasium over thirty minutes, is worse than wasted. "He lays it down as an unflinching proposition that the rivalry excited in gymnastics is physically bad, for that each student should be governed alone by his own power of endurance and capacity, and that the feats of others can be no criterion for his individual ambition."

SQUIRE JACK WAS A cabinet maker and undertaker, known far and wide as a master-workman. One day a couple came to his office to get married. The man's face was familiar to the squire, and he ordered him off in this wise:—"Begone, you scoundrel; you haven't paid me for your first wife's coffin!"

THE RIGHTS OF MAN.—In Alexander Hamilton's first political speech occurs these memorable words:—"The sacred rights of man are not to be rammed for among old parchment or rusty records; they are written as with a sunbeam in the whole volume of human nature, by the hand of Divinity itself, and can never be erased or obscured by mortal power."

CERBERUS PRELUDE.—In a town in Connecticut the CERBERUS marsh found two maiden ladies who were two years younger than in 1850. In another instance a woman of 45 was found with a son of 36. The husband of the woman, a second one, was 30. Queer things the census shows.

BOSWELL WAS ONE day complaining that he was sometimes dull. "Yes," cried Lord Camo, "Homer sometimes was." Boswell being too much elated with this, my lord added, "Indeed, sir, it is the only chance you have of resembling Homer."

A Western editor wished to induce a farmer to subscribe to his paper, but his objection was that it was not an agricultural sheet. The editor declared it was, and, in proof, exhibited an article on "Sowing Wild Oats."

## To Make Shrebberry Blossom Again.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Mr. Editor:—For the especial benefit of those who love to surround themselves with the treasures of the floral kingdom, I write these lines, and ask for them a place in the columns of THE POST. And though I do not claim to have made an original discovery of the fact of which I shall hereafter speak, yet it may not be generally known, and by publishing this you may have the thanks of many who love to retain around them the appearance of the vernal season if not the reality; and enjoy at least twice a-year the beauty and perfume of spring's earliest flowers. The fact to which I allude is that of making shrebberry blossoms blossom again, or once more than it otherwise would if left alone. The process is simple enough, consisting merely in putting or clipping of the leaves about the middle of summer, and the work is done. I have only experimented upon the Lilac (Syringa vulgaris). Hearing it remarked that stripping the leaves off this bush would have the effect of making it blossom again, I determined to try the experiment upon a lilac bush which grew in our garden. So I pulled all the leaves off the first day of August, and now at this date the twenty-fourth of the same month it is in full bloom. The thyruses are not so large, but three times the number that it produces in the spring. In four or five days after stripping you could see that the flower buds had swelled, and in the remarkably short time of twenty-four days the flowers had fully expanded. Now for the experiment may be successful with other kinds of shrebberry I cannot say, yet think it would succeed with many. There is something so flattering to man's existing nature, in the idea that he may command the trees to blossom and they obey him, that of course I was greatly pleased at the success of my experiment.

Respectfully yours, HOMER L. SUMNER.

Sullivan Co., Missouri, Aug. 24th, 1860.

[NOTE.—The above plan is worth a trial, but it should be tried cautiously on a few plants at a time. We should fear that the ultimate result would be the injury if not speedy death of the plant experimented upon, from exhaustion. Mr. S. must let us know if he has any lilacs next spring, and how his bush is then.—Editor THE POST.]

EPICURUM ON A DECOLLETE DRESS.—That "effects are the same from a similar cause," is one of the famous Epicurean laws. Whose fidelity we may discover:—

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## GOLD.

Some persons seem to have rather exaggerated ideas of the effect of increasing the supply of the precious metals; witness the following paragraph, from one of our exchanges:—

If gold were as abundant as iron, it would be cheaper than iron, for then no one would give a pound of iron for a pound of gold. Gold is not so valuable an article for exchange as it is used to be. Eighteen hundred years ago, the exchange value of gold was at least ten times as great as it is now, for then there was much less of it. If gold was only used to exchange for wheat, then if there were only a million bushels of wheat, and just a million ounces of gold, a bushel of wheat might be exchanged for an ounce of gold. But if there were twenty million bushels of wheat, and a million ounces of gold, an ounce of gold would be exchanged for twenty bushels of wheat. When wheat is very plentiful, it takes more of it to buy a given amount of gold; just so when gold is very plentiful, it takes more of it to buy a given amount of wheat. So you see the world would not be any richer than now, if a hundred times as much gold were found as there is now. The only result would be, that it would take more gold to buy other things.

The word "abundant," in the above case, has a rather indefinite meaning—a very costly thing to produce, may yet be produced in "abundant" quantities. And the value of the article will be determined, in a great degree, by the cost of producing it. Thus, if gold were as plentiful in nature as iron, and a pound of gold could be produced at the same price as a pound of iron, their relative values would be the same—if their usefulness to man were the same. But if a pound of gold took ten times as much labor to produce it, it might be just as plentiful as iron, and yet ten times dearer.

Then again, if you increase the quantity of gold in the world twenty times as much as you increase the quantity of wheat, it does not follow that it will take twenty times as much gold to buy the same amount of wheat. If there was only one ounce of gold in the world, it would buy all the wheat in the world; and if there was only one bushel of wheat in the world, it would not take all the gold to buy it. Destroy half of the gold in this country to-morrow, and in all probability the price of wheat would not fall one-fourth. Then again, if the gold was filled with paper money, the rise of wheat might be double the fall.

We think, for our part, that the world would be richer than now, if a hundred times as much gold were found as there is now. Gold has many other uses besides its use as a currency—and its use as a mere minister to the sense of beauty, is by no means to be considered a low or inferior one. Perhaps it is really one of the highest—as the rose may have a higher and more spiritual mission than the nutritious grain.

But the subject is a very wide one—and few, if any, understand it in all its bearings. That there is a general connection between the prices of products and the amount of currency (gold, silver, and paper credits) is doubtless true; that there is a regular response in the rise or fall of prices, to the rate of increase or decrease of that currency, cannot, we think, be shown. Prices are affected by so many considerations, and articles have such a relative value to each other, as well as to the currency, that he must needs be a more profound thinker and acute observer than is often seen in this world, to be able to tell whether the price of any article will be higher or lower at the end of a year.

## THOSE OLD STOVES.

We would respectfully suggest to the Directors of the Germantown Railroad, now that the winter is approaching, that those old stoves which have served the company to the best of their ability for so many years, should not be pressed again into service. In the natural course of events in this world, everything must have an end. We know this to be true, although the continued endurance of those old stoves would seem to throw doubt upon the assertion. And yet, even in their case, the spirit of the act "for the prevention of cruelty to animals," would seem to forbid any longer tampering with such decaying and rickety organizations. If the Directors have too much regard for those venerable stoves to sell them as old iron, let them call a special meeting of the company, and bury them decently—the stockholders following two and two, preceded by the Directors with tears in their eyes, mourning alike over the sad fate of the old stoves, and the expense of getting new ones. If an epitaph should be wanted, to cut upon the tombstone, the following is at the service of the Company:—

Here lie them stoves—them good old stoves! We think they're gone to heaven! That they could go to any spot Where the fire is wanted rather hot. There's not one chance in seven.

REPORTING BACKWARD.—Mr. Cobden, the English Reformer, it seems, was recently given the credit of certain opinions which he is by no means anxious to father. Whereupon he writes as follows:—

"The paragraph you enclosed, giving a conversation of mine, is one of those rascally acts of eaves-dropping for which American newspaper writers are so notorious. There is a good deal of the paragraph which agrees with what I have thought; but whether I expressed it in private conversation is more than I could swear to, as no one expects to be made responsible for private gossip. There ought to be the punishment of the pillory or the stocks revived for those who publish in newspapers the unguarded remarks which fall from a man in private conversation, when he frequently speaks merely to provoke a reply and keep people from going to sleep over too serious an interchange of views."

Such practices are very reprehensible certainly, but we are surprised that a great Reformer like Mr. Cobden, should go in for the "revival" of those relics of barbarism, "the pillory and the stocks." How will it sound in history, when some new Macanlay—with what truth our readers may judge—shall record this of Mr. Cobden.

Four-story shirt collars are all the rage. We saw one the other day with a steeple to it. This increase in building has proved very profitable to the linen and starch trade. Short-necked people, in order to keep pace with the spirit of improvement, should get their ears moved up a little higher.

## A SUMMER RAMBLE.

NUMBER FOUR.

LONDON, August 24, 1860.

Mr. Editor of the Post:—

The rule, which has so sorely tormented nearly the whole of Europe, during this most unpropitious of summers, and which detained our party for several days at Interlachen, cleared up at last, and we started, at a very early hour, in an open carriage, and ready to enjoy to the utmost the beauties of the romantic valley in which lies Lauterbrunnen, with its magnificent waterfall, the next point on the route sketched out for our wanderings; and whence we were to make our first Alpine ascent—that of the beautiful Wengern Alp at the foot of the Jungfrau—to be followed by that of the Brunnig and Great Schöckel Passes; all famous for the splendor of their views, and surrounded by the snowy giants which constitute the peculiar attraction of Alpine tourists.

This most lovely valley is as full of legends as of beauties. One point is held to be the scene which Byron had in his mind in his description of the residence of "Manfred"; another point is shown as the place where the Lord of Rothenscheid murdered his brother, and then, stung with remorse, deserted his ancestral castle, and fled from the sight of his fellow-lodgers to the recesses of the mountains, where he perished miserably. The picturesque ruins of the ancient castle of Untereppan, perched on an eminence, but half lost amid fir and brushwood, formerly belonged to a very old baronial race, who were lords of the whole Oberland, from the Grimsel to the Gemmi. Burckhardt, the last male descendant of this family, had a beautiful and only daughter, the Lady Ida; and this daughter had given her heart to an adoring young knight, who was attached to the court of Count Berchthold, of Zahringen, between whom and Burckhardt a long and deadly feud subsisted. Burckhardt, of Walsenau, the young Lady's lover, despairing of obtaining her father's consent to his suit, scaled the castle walls by night, and carried off the Lady Ida, whom he immediately espoused. Many years of sanguinary strife ensued between the bride's father and the party of her husband; and no intercessions of hers seemed likely to stop the bloodshed between their respective retainers and allies. But at length, sick of all this tumult and slaughter, Burckhardt determined on making a supreme effort to obtain his father-in-law's forgiveness; and taking his infant son in his arms, with the Lady Ida by his side, he presented himself, unarmed, at the gates of Burckhardt's stronghold. This appeal to the old Baron's affection and generosity so strongly affected him that he burst into tears, forgot his anger, and receiving his children in his arms, made Burckhardt's son the heir to his vast possessions. At the time of this happy reconciliation, the old Baron had said,

"Let this day be forever celebrated among us!" and rural games were accordingly, for many years, held on the spot. These were revived in the early part of the present century, and consisted of the gymnastic exercises, wrestling, pitching stones, &c., so common in Switzerland, and at which, at the favorite periodic gatherings, called "Schwing-feste," the Swiss compete for the prizes given to the strongest and most skillful. A huge fragment of rock, weighing 184 pounds, which, on one of these occasions, was hurled ten feet by an athlete from Appenzel, may still be seen here, half buried in the ground.

The beautiful valley of Lauterbrunnen is remarkable for its narrowness, and the nearly vertical precipices, clothed with orchards, patches of barley, and forests of fir, that hem it in. Its name means, literally, "nothing but springs," and well it is named, innumerable streamlets descending from the tops of the rocky mountains on either hand, and casting themselves, like so many tremulous threads of silver, into the foaming river that rushes so swiftly through the valley, fed by the distant glacier-torrent of the Schmadribach, dimly seen pouring down from the flanks of the snowy mountain that fills the head of the valley. So deep is this valley, that the sun, even in summer, does not show himself until seven o'clock; in winter, not before twelve! But wild and striking as is the scenery of the valley, its principal attraction is the famous waterfall of the Staubbach, or Dust Fall, one of the loveliest in Europe, being nearly 900 feet in height, pouring in graceful pendulous curves over the edge of the vertical precipice from which it plunges, without let, halt or hindrance, into the depths of the valley below. The stream itself is inconsiderable in point of volume; its peculiarity consisting in the immense, unbroken length of its vertical fall, during which it is shivered into shining, dust-like spray long before it reaches the bottom. Byron has likened this most beautiful fall to "the tail of the Great White Horse in the Apocalypse;" most ladies would probably liken it to a pendant scarf of the most exquisite gauze; the two similes together affording a pretty good idea of its appearance.

After gazing at this most beautiful object until our eyes ached, and we had been nearly drenched with the clouds of spray that are driven off from its base to a distance of many yards, we got into one of the little rough pony carriages of the region, and explored the valley as far as practicable by wheels, purchasing delicious strawberries of little bare-footed children, and "doing" two or three subsidiary wonders in the way of waterfalls, one of which, a considerable stream, has worn its channels so deep into the rocky side of the valley that it cannot be seen until you clamber into the fissure, though filling the air to a considerable distance with its deafening roar.

At a very early hour next morning—for no one thinks of beginning these mountain-doings later than six o'clock—our party was off for its first "ascention;" the ladies stuck upon the rough-looking horses in use on these occasions, the gentlemen, who had purchased alpine stocks the preceding day, of the women who deal in these and similar articles in the cottages about the foot of the Staubbach, accompanying on foot.

To those of my fair readers who have never "done" one of these ascensions, it is impos-

sible to convey any but a very attenuated idea of their horrors. The path is usually such as would be considered impracticable, even for bipeds, anywhere but among the Alps; narrow, uneven, full of holes, some of which are left to yawn as they please, others being partially filled with blocks of stone, among which your Romantic wanderer and stumbler to the amazement and despair of his rider, and though the surefooted and intelligent animals are rarely known to fall, it is impossible for you to imagine that it can keep its feet in such a road. Add to this that the path in its zig-zagging windings, is usually very much more steep than the roof of an ordinary house; that it frequently consists of a kind of rude staircase, which, though its steps are somewhat broader than those of ordinary houses, is usually much steeper, its steps being formed sometimes of masses of stone, sometimes of logs of wood firmly lodged in the soil, the space between these logs being filled with great stones, some flat, others loose; and that the path, narrow and indecisively bad, but usually fenced in at the lower points of the ascent, often passes along precipices which fall away, sheer and dizzying, for hundreds and thousands of yards beneath you, is utterly without fence of any kind in its higher portions. You soon perceive that the holding of the reins, under such circumstances, is a mere work of supererogation; and getting the guide who tramps along at your horse's head, to the useless "ribands" round his neck, so as to have them comfortably out of the way, you hold on firmly to the rail which surrounds your saddle, and helps to keep you in your seat, and trusting to Providence, the guide, and the steed, hold your breath to keep from screaming, and endure the unspeakable bumping, thumping, jerking, and jolting which necessarily result from the positions into which your steed is thrown in his efforts to keep his feet. Sometimes the horse is reared on his hind legs, while his fore legs with difficulty bite the ground, or inordinate themselves among the logs and stones, as he pulls himself up to the higher point before him; sometimes the road makes a sudden pitch of a few yards, round some steep shoulder, and it is the turn of his hind legs to be upturned, and he feels down before him cautiously with his fore legs, while nothing short of a miracle seems to keep you from slipping down over his head, and the jolt with which the patient creature brings down his hind quarters, when he has succeeded in planting his forelegs on something firm, is admirably calculated to give you a "realising sense" of what would be your sensations if condemned to suffer martyrdom by being "shaken to pieces."

In general, a slip of the horse is followed by an oblique exclamation of the guide, and a firmer next step of the animal; but in very bad places, and especially where the road is very wet from rain, or from a stream having taken possession of it, the horse will sometimes execute a succession of long, jolting slides, from which it seems impossible that he should ever recover himself, and at every one of which you give yourself up to certain destruction, or at the least, the breakage of half the bones in your body. Of course these clamberings are performed at the slowest possible pace; an entire day being consumed in performing a length of way which, on level ground, and a more practicable road, would be easily gotten over in a couple of hours. As to the descents, which are still more difficult, and in which the motion of the horse is still more distressing to the rider, very few of them can be performed on horseback. Few persons would have the courage thus to face the wide gulph of space that opens before you when you turn your back to the side of the mountain; and fewer still could endure the physical distress caused by the motion of the horse, as it founders down with its eruper in the air, and its head almost lower than its hoofs.

So much for the physical enjoyment of a mountain-climb; and which is only rendered endurable by the hope of seeing the Alpine Giants in their glory, and as they can never be seen or imagined from lower altitudes. And how magnificently glorious they are, these white-robed, shining, solitary dwellers in the blue, with the massive grandeur of their mighty outlines, the majestic sweep of their glaciers, the roar of their ice torrents, and the thunder echoing of their avalanches! But my pen is running on too fast; and must turn back, from this glimpse of the heights where the stern, fair Giants hold their court in upper air, to note the varied beauties which tempt the most timid to undertake these ascensions, and most amply overpay the various concomitant miseries.

In the first place, flowery as are the Swiss pastures in the valleys—and it really would seem as though Swiss hay must contain a dozen blossoms for every blade of grass—this floral wealth grows richer with every step you take, as you advance up the mountain, and above the carpet of wild strawberries and raspberries that covers its base. Except the common English daisy—which I have not seen anywhere in Switzerland, though the great "moon-daisy" grows in profusion both in the valleys and on the hills—every English wild-flower grows luxuriantly upon the Alps, together with many which are seen in England only as denizens of the garden; and in addition to these are an amazing number of flowers peculiar to these regions, some of them seeming to be peculiar to each Alp, and not showing themselves on the others. Many of the common English wildflowers, moreover, here assume a depth of hue, and even a variety of color or growth, that fairly entitle the old friends to be counted as new ones; the modest white flower so much beloved by English children under the familiar name of "Hen and Chickens," for instance, grows both much larger, and much smaller, on the Alps, and puts on every conceivable shade of pink and lilac; the dandelion, too, is found of many shades, from the most delicate straw-color to the hue of the Maltese orange; the myriads of harebells indulge in fanciful caprices, and come out in tall waving clusters, with the long orthodox stems which tremble in the lightest wind, or restrict themselves to three, two, or even a single blossom, strongly hung on a sturdy stem of only an inch or two in height. The Indian pink, thrift, columbine, snapdragon, crimson thistle, as fragrant as they are beautiful, companions,

concomitant-bell, and a thousand others, grow in profusion; the stone-crop—always yellow elsewhere but here, decking every patch of rock with delicious brocades of white, pink, gold, and purple—the ever-lushy thyme, the wild mint, the beautiful dwarf anemone, known here as the "Alpine rose," and covering thousands of acres with its glowing blossoms, together with the rich ferns peculiar to these mountains, cover every inch of surface, and convert the rugged mountain-sides into a vast mosaic, of the most admirable hues, and of most delicious perfume. The scurrier clusters of the heathery, are everywhere to be seen, with a host of other shrubs peculiar to the region, laden with red, black, and purple berries. The groves of yew constitute another delightful feature of the scene; and in these Nature shows herself as capriciously lavish of variety and ornament as in the flowers, some of them bearing the ordinary brown cone so well known wherever St. Peter's Church, while others are rich in clusters of gold, of amber, of rosy pink, and most beautiful of all, of a warm reddish purple, contrasting magnificently with the dark green of the spiky foliage, and the soft gray of the long pendant moss that hangs from the under side of the branches.

It is very interesting to those who explore the Alps for the first time, to note the changes which succeed one another in the aspect of the region about them. While plodding through the valley you have a river, as a matter of course, tumbling and foaming under a few rustic bridges, grassland, patches of crops, walnut, cherry, and apple trees, with here and there an oak or elm—cottages, church-spires, and the dingy-looking barns in which the villagers keep their stock of hay for the coming winter. When you begin to ascend the mountain, you see the chalets of the cowherds dotted over its turgid sides, at a considerable distance above you, with herds of cattle lazily browsing to the soft tinkling of the bells round their necks; the straggling edges of the groves of the chalets being the only trees to be seen at that height. Having journeyed successfully past the chalet, you enter the region of the firs; when these are past, you are surrounded only by low bushes and flowers. Above the flowers come the mosses; above these, bare, stony, hard rocks, without the faintest trace of vegetation; then the snow; and above the snow, the impenetrable blue. At every step some new object of interest, some new point of view, meets the eye; the field of vision grows wider, and its elements are seen under a new aspect. The valley at your feet assumes new forms and puts on new tints; distant waterfalls come into sight, shining in the sunlight, and towering peaks, unseen before, lift themselves silently into view, gleaming with the immitable whiteness of eternal snow, or wreathed with mist, or capped with clouds, according to the overhanging whims of the weather. What with the purity and freshness of the air, the spicy exhalations of the firs and flowers, the magnificent panoramas spread before you on every hand, and the hope of still finer views from the summit of the pass, it is impossible to conceive of anything more exhilarating and spirit-stirring than these ascensions, on a fine day, despite the equatorial horrors by which they are inevitably attended.

But glorious as are your sensations during one of these ascensions, provided the sun be shining, just so ignominious is the state to which you are reduced if overtaken, as is, alas! too often the case, by rain. For no one who has not been in Switzerland in bad weather has any idea of what rain can be; and at these high altitudes, where you mount into, and above, the ordinary path of the clouds, you are necessarily exposed, far more than at a lower height, to the vicissitudes of the weather. The present season has been, in Switzerland, as through the greater part of the old world, the wettest and coldest within the memory of the present generation; and great has been the sum of disappointment thus caused to this summer's wanderers among the Alps.

For ourselves, the weather remained fair until we had gained the summit of the Wengern Alp; when thick masses of cloud began driving into the pass, impairing our view of the avalanches that were thundering about us in every direction down the sides of the Jungfrau, which, with its attendant peaks of the Blücherhorn, the Riger, and the Mouch, towered above the Wengern Pass, encircling it with their glaciers—and gradually shutting out everything from our view save about fifty yards immediately before our nose.

Imagine the descent of an Alp under such circumstances; the pelting rain, the driving wind, the sudden conversion of the "road" into an endless alternation of puddle and stream; the splashing, stumbling, slipping, and sliding, and the pitiable state of soaking and mud in which, after six or seven hours of "progress under difficulties," one reaches the inn which is to be one's halting-place for the night! Such, with the exception of a few bright gleams, was the fate of our party on the Brunnig and Great Schöckel Passes; though we had lost several days between each ascension in waiting for the "better weather" that was constantly predicted, but that did not come. Exquisite glimpses here and there we had; but of the magnificent succession of snow peaks, glaciers, ice-seas, mountain-torrents, and the towering glories of the vast mass of the Wengern, overhanging the latter pass through its entire length, the envious bank of mist that chose to settle doggedly into every cranny of the mountains, on both occasions, allowed us to see literally nothing, except such of their lower features as lay too close to our desolate track to be shut out even by the rain that fell in a dense and solid sheet throughout those good-for-nothing days.

One word about avalanches, and I must bring this yarn, already too long, to an end. They are formed, as everybody knows, of the softer snow on the steepest sides of the snowy mountains, which snow, being detached by the effects of a thaw, or of the wind, rolls downwards with a thundering noise whose echoes reverberate from every direction, filling the silence with a majestic roar which harmonizes magnificently with the wild grandeur of the surrounding scene. The appearance of an avalanche is rather beautiful than imposing; and you can hardly believe that the falling of the powdery

snow-drift you have just caught sight of up there upon the snowy heights of the mountain you can have set all those thundering a going. Yet that light, powdery drift, breaking into white dust with a motion like that of waves as it breaks into foam, was made up of masses of snow and ice, weighing many thousands of tons; and terrible is the mischief they do when they fall into valleys that serve as the abode of men. For instance, in the winter of 1810 one of these graceful, innocent-looking drifts of what appears at a distance like a mere shower of white dust and puffs, fell from a very Wengern to see whose glories we vainly guffed up the long day's pull of the Schöckel, telling nothing but a nine-hours' sousing for our pains, and precipitated itself from the gap in the precipice above the village of Randa, through which the Rha glacier descends. This gap is 1,500 feet high; the avalanche, in its descent, did not, happily for Randa, fall upon it, but passed a little on one side of it; yet the mere draught of air by its fall from so vast an elevation, destroyed the greater part of the houses, scattering the timbers of which they were built, like so many straws, to the distance of a mile, over the sides of the mountain, and hurling millions many fathoms up hill!

After all our fatigue and disappointment among the mountains, caused by the well-nigh incessant rain, our satisfaction in settling down for a few days' rest on the banks of the most beautiful of European lakes, will readily be understood; and here, wishing that all the readers of THE POST whose fate may ever take them into Switzerland may be favored with more propitious weather than has been vouchsafed to the Alps during the present season, I take my leave of them until next week.

## QUANTUM.

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER.—Mrs. Alice W., residing in Seventh street below Mount, is over fifty-seven years of age, having been born in April, 1803. At the age of 26 she was married, and since that time her domestic peace has been uninterrupted by sickness of any kind, and undisturbed by the care that invade families contemporaneously with the advent of children. About a week ago, she attended her husband, physician, and friends, by giving birth to a pair of boy twins, both of whom are large, healthy, rosy, plump and pretty as babies ever are, and, from present appearances, likely to live a hundred years. The gray-haired mother is fast recovering from her singular illness, and filled with a sense of pain-bought happiness, enjoys her new relationship as much, apparently, as any mother could.

The case, we do not believe, has a parallel in the history of the century, and we doubt very much whether, outside of the Bible, can be found the relation of a similar one. Nature, it would seem, is always ready to startle humanity with some marvellous thing which appears to be a violation of all her known laws, and leaves, by seeming miracles, both pundits and philosophers, as well as physiologists and physicians, at such a loss in the dark as to what is legal with her, as they are in regard to the language of the angels, or the customs of the inhabitants of the fields.

NOTE OF THEM WORKING.—According to the London Observer, the Atlantic Telegraph Cable is not the only deep sea telegraph communication which refuses to work. The Red Sea telegraph is out of order; the Malta and Cagliari line, of about 300 miles in length, has long been interrupted. The line to Algiers has been abandoned, the cable from Malta to Corfu has also gone the way of its predecessors; that from Aden to Karachi has continued to work, for some time past to the stock of weekly despatches. The failure of all these is attributed to want of knowledge of the qualities of the materials employed, and the peculiar character of the electric fluid. There has been not only insufficient experience, but a great want of care in the manufacture of submarine telegraphs, and a desire to economize expensively. Notwithstanding these failures, there are projects in Europe for laying down other deep sea telegraph lines, including one across the Atlantic from Denmark to America.

MORE GLAD TO HEAR IT.—Count Persigny, in an address to the Department of the Loire, took occasion to re-assure England that the French Emperor means no harm towards that Government. The political system imposed by the treaties of 1815 having been subverted by Europe herself, "France no longer threatens nor is threatened. Her work is achieved, and the mission of the new Empire is accomplished. The military role of France in Europe is at an end." This "military role of France" has given a great deal of uneasiness to Europe, and particularly to England, and all those powers who looked upon the large military establishment of France as a "standing menace," must be glad to hear that it is at an end. If the French Emperor had not desolved the world in the first instance, he would not have to repeat so often these declarations of his peaceful intentions before he can be believed.

SILK MANUFACTURE IN THE UNITED STATES.—The Economist says:—"It is estimated that there are now about thirty six mills in operation in different parts of the United States, in which from 8,000 to 10,000 hands are constantly employed. About three-fourths of the operators are children under sixteen years of age, who are engaged at comparatively trifling wages. The entire value and machinery of the mills connected with the silk trade is estimated at \$3,000,000. The average cost of manufacture on silk goods is about one-half of the value of the raw material. Taking, therefore, the value of the import of the raw silk, in 1859, at one million, we shall have about \$2,000,000 as the present value of the annual production of silk goods in the United States."

MATTHEWS FILLED WITH WOOD.—One of the novel inventions of the past year is a machine for making curled hair for matrons filling out of wood. A solid block of maple, bass-wood, quaking asp, or any other sweet-scented inexpensive wood, is rapidly converted into a fluted mass, much resembling white horse hair, and this makes excellent filling for mattresses, and is much cheaper than hair, wool, or cotton, and better than horse, mule, or goat hair. The machine is not expensive, and can be set up in any place where wood is plenty, and where there is water or steam-power. It can be worked by any ordinary mechanic.

INVENTOR.—Dr. Jarvis, who has just visited the English insane institutions, with a Government order that everything should be shown him, reports that their system is far more humane than the American; that wooden window-frames have taken the place of the iron ones; that ninety per cent. of the inmates are employed; that Dr. Connelly is due the credit of leading this reform.

THE LATE VITAL STATISTICS OF GREAT BRITAIN AND FRANCE show that 129,000 as many persons are born in a year as are married; and that out of a thousand persons, the births in a year in Great Britain were 34 to 27 in France, the deaths 27 to 24, and the marriages 15 to 16.

To Make Strawberry Blush Tint A-Like FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Mr. Editor:—For the especial benefit of those who love to surround themselves with the treasures of the floral kingdom, I write these lines, and ask for them a place in the columns of THE POST. And though I do not claim to have made an original discovery of the tint of which I shall hereafter speak, yet it may not be generally known, and by publishing this you may have the thanks of many who love to retain around them the appearance of the vernal season if not the reality; and enjoy at least twice a-year the beauty and perfume of spring's earliest flowers. The fact to which I allude is that of making strawberry bluish tints a year, or once either this or otherwise would it let alone. The process is simple enough, consisting merely in picking or stripping of the leaves about the middle of summer, and the work is done. I have only commented upon the Lilies (Lilium Valerianae). Hearing it remarked that stripping the leaves off this bush would have the effect of making it bloom again, I determined to try the experiment upon a little bush which grew in our garden. So I pulled all the leaves off the first day of August, and now at this date the twenty-fourth of the same month it is in full bloom. The thyruses are not so large, but three times the number that it produced in the spring. In four or five days after stripping you could see that the flower buds had swelled, and in the remarkably short time of twenty-four days the flowers had fully expanded. How far the experiment may be successful with other kinds of shrubbery I cannot say, yet think it would succeed with many. There is something so flattering to man's envying nature, in the idea that he may command the trees to blossom and they obey him, that of course I was greatly excited at the success of my experiment.

Respectfully yours, ROBERT L. SUMNER.

Sullivan Co., Missouri, Aug. 24th, 1860.

[NOTE.—The above plan is worth a trial, but it should be tried cautiously on a few plants at a time. We should fear that the ultimate result would be the injury if not speedy death of the plant exposed upon, from exhaustion. Mr. S. must let us know if he has any more next spring, and how his bush is then.—Editor THE SAT. EVE. POST.]

## EPIGRAM ON A DECOLLETE DRESS.

That "effects are the same from a similar cause," is one of the famous Horatian laws.

Whose fidelity we may discover?

For—quite in the teeth of the logical law,

The style of apparel that keeps Emma cool,

Just kindles a flame in her lover!—Fanny Fair.

GRANDAL REPUTATION.—Grandal reputation is like a man who wants to be taken out of a burning building, but who says to those about him—"Now, don't take me out too suddenly; take me down first to a room where it is not so hot as it is here; and then to another room, where there is still less heat, and so take me out gradually." Why, the man would be a cipher before he got him out. A man who wants to reform should reform perpendicularly.

A country justice of the peace, when upwards of seventy years of age, married a girl almost nineteen, and being well aware that he was likely to be rallied on the subject, he resolved to be prepared. Accordingly, when any of his intimate friends called upon him, after the first salutations were passed, he was sure to begin the conversation by saying he believed he could tell them news. "Why," says he, "I have married my tailor's daughter." If he was asked why he did so, the old gentleman replied, "Why, the father suited me so well for forty years past, that I thought the daughter might suit me for forty years to come."

CHARLES READE BELIEVES IN AMERICAN LITERARY GENIUS, but thinks you must look for it in the newspapers. "Read the American papers. You reveal in a world of new truths, new fancies, and glorious romance! In Great Britain there are 305 newspapers; in America there are 4,000; and those he buried, for the present, many an immortal genius—buried, but to me not hidden. I can see their stifled glimmers in reading these papers."

A HINT TO MARTIN THE VENTURER VOYAGER.—In rowing a boat on vegetable principles look out for leaks. That's a wherry funny!—Fanny Fair.

DR. WINDSHIP IS OPPOSED TO ALL SEVERE EXERCISE; we have heard him say, that all time, as a general rule, spent in a gymnasium over thirty minutes, is worse than wasted. He lays it down as an unalterable proposition that the rivalry excited in gymnastics is physically bad, for that each student should be governed alone by his own power of endurance and capacity, and that the feats of others can be no criterion for his individual ambition.

SQUIRE JACK WAS A CABINET MAKER and undertaker, known far and wide as a master-workman. One day a couple came to his office to get married. The man's face was familiar to the squire, and he ordered him off in this wise:—"Begone, you scoundrel; you haven't paid me for your first wife's coffin!"

THE RIGHTS OF MAN.—In Alexander Hamilton's first political speech occurs these memorable words:—"The sacred rights of man are not to be rammed for among old parchment or rusty records; they are written as with a sunbeam in the whole volume of human nature, by the hand of Divinity itself, and can never be erased or obscured by mortal power."

CHURCH FRICTION.—In a town in Connecticut the census marshal found two maiden ladies who were two years younger than in 1850. In another instance a woman of 45 was found with a son of 36. The husband of the woman, a second one, was 30. Quiver things the census shows.

REWELL WAS ONE DAY complaining that he was sometimes dull. "Yes," cried Lord Came, "Homer sometimes nods." Rewell being too much excited with this, my lord added, "Indeed, sir, it is the only chance you have of resembling Homer."

A Western editor wished to induce a farmer to subscribe to his paper, but his objection was that it was not an agricultural sheet. The editor declared it was, and, in proof, exhibited an article on "Sowing Wild Oats."



## REMEMBER!

The moment thou lookest upon, the day of earnest  
 soul.  
 Through which no ray of spirit-day, close-watching  
 you behold.  
 Where petty care have dimmed the glance, and  
 sorrow in the brow,  
 And evil thought a sign has wrought beyond creating  
 awe—

This form, so meek, so cold, so low, this meek  
 soul.  
 When once the grace of a baby-face, and the beauty  
 of childhood's day.  
 These eyes once gazed with eager trust, above,  
 around, below,  
 And a mother with pride that was hard to hide  
 pushed the hair from the open brow.

The proud heart that waxes your pride by the  
 will of sin.  
 The harsh tone that makes harsh your own, if  
 there be no such within.  
 The most unloving selfish soul that can slight  
 your hope or fear.  
 And careless look down on your smile or frown, as  
 if from a separate sphere—

That nature cold and proud must yet mysterious  
 terror know.  
 Men waste with death for each gasping breath,  
 must be laid in the dust below.  
 That voice must sink into whippers faint, a nearest  
 service crave,  
 And that hand must cling to some humble thing in  
 a shivering from the grave.

Familiar thought, I own, to all, this truth of our  
 common lot,  
 Yet midst jar and strife of the daily life, its lesson  
 is forgot.  
 We pity without from the haughty dust that must  
 shroud and pall endure,  
 And with looking down some world-stained one  
 that was once a baby pure.

Not wholly in vain were the fancy tasked from the  
 actual off to turn  
 To the rosy sleep only cradle keep, to the shade of  
 the funeral urn.  
 The present may all be over soon, be it a me-  
 mory cast  
 Of the first low cry and the last sigh—of the  
 Future and the Past. R. C. C.

## A VISIT TO THE "SPIRITS."

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

I, the writer of this article, have seen something  
 of the spirit world, and I will state candidly  
 what I have seen, and what I have thought.  
 I do not affect infallibility; but I believe I am  
 unprejudiced, and I know that I love truth.

In a small street off one of the west-central  
 squares live two women, one old, the other  
 young, and both mediums. To them went I  
 and a party of friends; some believing, others  
 wholly skeptical, others, like myself, of no  
 fixed opinion, but anxious to know the truth.  
 When we entered, a clergyman was interro-  
 gating the spirits, and seemingly much edified  
 by their answers. After a time he took up the  
 Bible from the door, and turned the leaves till  
 he came to some which the spirits had doubled,  
 while under the table; but which he scarcely  
 found applicable to his present questions.  
 However, he helped the spirits and the medi-  
 um handsomely out of the difficulty, by say-  
 ing that they bore on the subject of his last  
 week's lecture; but as it would be rather hard  
 to find a series of texts that did not bear on  
 any theological subject whatsoever, or that  
 could not be twisted so as to seem to bear on  
 it, I confess I did not think that experiment  
 very satisfactory. The company arriving regu-  
 larly, the circle was perpetually disturb-  
 ed; and as the spirits only rapped when the  
 younger medium was present, it was trying to  
 these who came in good faith, to have to sub-  
 mit to the total cessation every time the medium,  
 and the spirits, and the candle streamed down  
 stairs to answer the door. In their absence,  
 the clergyman making some question very  
 urgently, I tried the table; and with a slight  
 and wholly imperceptible movement of my  
 wrists, I tipped it quite easily and made it  
 answer exactly in the same way as the medium  
 had done. This I did twice; no one suspect-  
 ing, no one seeing, not even the friend who  
 was sitting next me, and who did not believe  
 in spirits. And if I could so easily move the  
 table, and on a first trial, what could not one  
 who had studied its capabilities effect? That  
 table was as easily manipulated as if it had  
 been made of paper, and almost as light; and  
 the slightest movement of the wrists sufficed  
 to tip it. When the medium returned, and the  
 circle closed again, we had a few more "ex-  
 periences." A spirit announced itself. For  
 whom? Single rap (negative) came; no, no,  
 no, for one and the other; until three affirma-  
 tive rappings pointed to my friend. Who was  
 the spirit? father? mother? child? brother?  
 Yes; brother. The name? The alphabet was  
 called for, and a name spelt out. "Edward."  
 Now, my friend never had a brother who died,  
 and never was at all, living or dead, of the  
 name of Edward. So much for even the com-  
 mon phenomenon of this medium's thought-  
 reading.

The spirits now promised to do a great deal  
 more. The medium, myself, and the two others  
 held an oblong piece of paper by the four  
 corners. Immediately there was a scratching  
 and a tapping on the underside of the paper, close  
 to the medium's hand. It was not impossible  
 for her to have produced those sounds, and I  
 instantly watching her face and movements—  
 having been rendered suspicious by my own  
 easy performance with the table—can dis-  
 tinctly affirm that she did produce those  
 sounds—she and no other. A tray was man-  
 ipulated in the same way. It was placed up-  
 side down on the table, and the medium and  
 ourselves laid our fingers upon it. This tray  
 was of extreme delicacy; it was a lively  
 tray, and somewhat convulsed in its movements.  
 Suddenly, as if of its own accord, and with-  
 out any aid, it started up and reared the back-  
 bone of one of the party—think, of the clergyman,  
 but I am not sure. And here again I distinct-  
 ly saw the younger medium lift the tray by a  
 sudden pressure of her thumb, and I saw her  
 rapidly strike the edge against the hand in

question. Then the table moved itself up, and  
 continued itself in the air for some seconds;  
 but again the medium's thumb was under-  
 neath, and her knee was against the top. This  
 I also most distinctly saw—she is not a very  
 accomplished yet in slight of hand, and a very  
 little careful observation can detect the manner  
 of her tricks. I was then touched underneath  
 the table. My ankle was suddenly grasped  
 by something flutty and springy, but not  
 muscular. Others were grasped, too; all but  
 my friend, whose feet were tucked away under  
 the chair, and so were out of the line of the  
 medium's feet. And all the while this was  
 going on, I felt the young lady's knee work  
 up and down against mine, as each person  
 cried out he was touched, and she pulled the  
 strings of her puppets at her will. Then an  
 old, badly tuned guitar was held by the cler-  
 gyman, and played under the table. The cler-  
 gyman sang the Old Hundred in a low and  
 tremulous voice, and while he sang, a few  
 simple chords were struck out, such as would  
 have suited anything; but I deny that there  
 was any attempt at known melody in the mu-  
 sic, or that it was anything more than could  
 have been produced by sweeping the hand or  
 foot over the strings at certain intervals. But  
 some of the believers were quite overpowered  
 with this "manifestation," and one or two  
 were deeply affected. To my ears, not perhaps  
 capable of appreciating what to them seemed  
 such heavenly harmony, it was a simple string  
 sound, such as could have been easily effected  
 by drawing the foot over the strings.

The light was now put out, and the spirits  
 rapped as all to another and more commodious  
 part of the room, where they had promised to  
 show the hands. A double circle was formed,  
 and when we were fairly placed, which was not  
 until we had gone through a great deal of  
 trouble and annoyance—for the spirits were  
 suspicious and full of fancies and caprices, and  
 would not have any one too near, but drove  
 one over anxious gentleman clean away from  
 the place where they were to show—after  
 many such shiftings and turnings, the medi-  
 um got settled, and the spirits seemed to be  
 content. But they would not show the hands,  
 though adjured to do so in the name of God,  
 and also familiarly scolded and rated for their  
 breach of faith. A small bell was then set  
 running about the room—they said it was run-  
 ning through the air—and ringing as it went.  
 We could not see it, but we heard it ringing  
 in different parts, or places, about the room,  
 but always close at hand. Suddenly it seemed  
 to fall over on its side, and then the spirits  
 rapped out their dismissal, and the scene was  
 at an end. One thing I have forgotten; two  
 gentlemen were asked to agree between them-  
 selves on a certain moment by the clock, when  
 the spirits would rap as soon as the minute  
 hand reached the spot. They did so, and the  
 raps did come at that very instant. This was  
 the only clever thing in the performance, and,  
 excepting this, the whole affair was a some-  
 what dull and most haphazard imposition.

I sat and looked at it all, I scarcely knew which  
 filled me with most surprise, the unblinking  
 impudence of the actors, or the marvellous  
 credulity of the spectators. There was not one  
 single thing performed that was not an  
 open and palpable deception; yet here were  
 some, well-educated English men and women  
 grouped, full of faith and belief, round two  
 illiterate conjurers, whose tricks would have  
 been utterly contemptible but for the painful  
 amount of human trust and reverence given to  
 them. It was something inexpressible to see  
 these two wretched women were able to play  
 on the holiest and deepest feelings of their  
 audience; how, for the paltry sum which they  
 gained from each as the price of their decep-  
 tions, they mocked the most sacred truths,  
 and cheated the most earnest faith. It was a  
 degrading exhibition, and all the more so be-  
 cause men of cultivated understandings and  
 women of ordinary perceptions gave into it  
 without question or examination, and set aside  
 the precious mental power of critical reason,  
 in favor of blind, headlong, unreasoning credu-  
 lity.

I know that I shall be met by believers with  
 the argument that all the greatest scientific  
 truths were, when first propounded, scouted and  
 disbelieved; witness Galileo, Harvey, Jenner,  
 and others. But although truth in all such  
 cases has not prevailed at once, and although  
 the beliefs in them have languished, yet, even  
 when weakest, such beliefs have always been  
 strong enough to leave broad marks behind  
 them—broad enough for the wise to stand  
 upon, whence to assert, and eventually to sus-  
 tain, their beyond dispute. Truth never dis-  
 away without leaving some mark. "Spiritual-  
 ism," on the contrary, has burnt its feeble  
 light from the earliest times of the Old Testa-  
 ment; it has flickered, then gone out from  
 sheer exhaustion. It has been forgotten, then  
 "discovered" again; then it has flourished  
 among a certain class of weak people, and has  
 made a noise—for your hysterical subjects are  
 always very demonstrative. Their belief has  
 been exhausted, and the sickly flame has been  
 extinguished, to peep out again at some fu-  
 ture time, and in the same way, to die out.  
 This seems to be the difference between the  
 reception and destiny of truth, and imposi-  
 tions.

One of the most provoking peculiarities of  
 the spiritualists is the definite manner in  
 which they speak of indefinite things and in-  
 definite sensations. A publication called the  
 Spiritual Magazine is especially full of this sort  
 of unblinking assertion. Things, which in the  
 sciences some people say they see, and others  
 only think they see, and others don't see at  
 all, are set down as positive, actual, unde-  
 niable facts; as undeniable as this paper on  
 which I write. If, at the distant end of a large  
 room, and in the dark, a medium says he is  
 floating up to the ceiling, it is stoutly asserted  
 that he is so floated up, and that the people  
 present are witnesses of the fact. Not so; the  
 people present are only witnesses of the fact  
 that the medium asserts this, and that he  
 marks the ceiling; they are not witnesses how  
 he got up so high to make his mark. With ot-  
 toman, chairs, and darkness, he may have  
 been able to climb, unperceived, so near, as to  
 mark the ceiling otherwise than by being taken  
 up to it by spiritual hands.

Again, is an audience necessarily a collection  
 of converts? If I go merely to see some things,  
 have the exhibitors a right to parade

me as a voucher for their truth? A certain  
 gentleman, who took especial pains to guard  
 against such an assumption, is ranked as a con-  
 vert; and the tabulating arm of the conductor  
 of this journal (when he is well on his  
 way to China) in two numbers of the Spiritual  
 Magazine as a believer, for no worse indica-  
 tion than the dangerous one of having gone  
 to see what some experiments were like. Feel-  
 ing that it is almost impossible to make ex-  
 aminations during the experiments; that if  
 you are troublesome or awfully skeptical, the  
 spirits will rap you out of the circle, and, not  
 content with that, rap you out of the room—it is  
 not very easy to detect the manner of the trick;  
 it is too easy, indeed, than with the ordinary  
 conjurer, who stands confessed to all the world  
 before him as simply an ingenious machinist,  
 with marvellous quickness of hand, and when  
 every one is trying to find out. No critical  
 tests are allowed; no scientific investigation.  
 Indeed, it would be utterly impossible, at the  
 table of a friend, or even in the house of a  
 person of condition, to take satisfactory mea-  
 sures for the detection and exposure of any  
 such imposture as might be seen or suspect-  
 ed. If you go, you must go prepared to be con-  
 vinced; and, if you desire to remain to the end,  
 you must be careful not to express doubt, or  
 dissatisfaction of anything that you may see.  
 The spirits have a very summary way of  
 getting rid of any one they have reason to fear  
 may prove too inquisitive; and, when the medi-  
 ums express their grief at the arrangement  
 which expels you, and asks you, pitiously,  
 "what can they do?" and, how can they help  
 it?" you have no resource but to accept your  
 fate. Thus they enforce the acquiescence of  
 silence while you remain, and then write you  
 down a convert the moment you retire.

He is represented in the publication in ques-  
 tion, with the utmost hardness, as telling his  
 father that he (his father) "has been mistaken  
 throughout. Good faith all these things can be,  
 and are, for I have seen and heard them, father."  
 It is absolutely impossible that any statement  
 be more untrue than this. He told his father  
 that what he had seen and heard was very absurd,  
 and he gave his father a highly ludicrous detail  
 of the proceedings.—*Editor's Note.*

## CHOOSING HUSBANDS.

When a girl marries, why do people talk  
 of her choice? In ninety-nine cases out of a  
 hundred has she any choice? Does not the man,  
 probably the last she would have chosen, select  
 her? A lady writer says:—"I have been mar-  
 ried many years; the match was considered a  
 good one, suitable in every respect—age, posi-  
 tion, and fortune. Every one said I made a  
 good choice. I loved my husband when I  
 married him, because he had by unwearied as-  
 siduity succeeded in gaining my affections;  
 but had chosen been my privilege, I certainly  
 should not have chosen him. As I look at him  
 in his easy-chair, sleeping before the fire, a  
 huge dog at his feet, a pipe peeping out of  
 the many pockets of his shooting coat, I cannot  
 but think how different he is from what I  
 would have chosen. My first penchant was for  
 a clergyman—he was a flatterer, and cared but  
 little for me, though I have not forgotten the  
 pang of his desertion. My next was a lawyer  
 —a young man of immense talent, smooth, in-  
 sinuating manners; but he, too, after walking,  
 talking, dancing, and flirting, left me. Either  
 of these would have been my choice, but my  
 present husband chose me, and therefore I  
 married him; and this, I cannot help thinking,  
 must be the way with half the married folks  
 of my acquaintance."

HOW THE RUSSIAN PRINCE DIED OFF.—There is  
 something eminently tragic in the lives of almost  
 all the princes and princesses of the great Eu-  
 ropean kingdoms. Some die by the dagger, some  
 by poison; some are dropping off suddenly in a  
 mysterious manner, and others are sifting for  
 years under the influence of a malady of which  
 nobody knows the cause, and for which no  
 physician can give advice. There has scarcely  
 been one sovereign of Russia whose death ap-  
 peared quite natural. Even the predecessor of  
 the present Czar died with a mysterious sud-  
 denness, although he was one of the strongest  
 and healthiest men in Europe, hardened like a  
 mountaineer, simple and frugal in his habits,  
 and accustomed to fatigue, and the extremes  
 of heat and cold. Ever since his death, his  
 widow has been suffering likewise, in a man-  
 ner as yet unexplained. All the mineral  
 springs of the continent have been appealed to  
 in vain for a cure; in vain, too, the genial  
 climate of Naples, Rome, and Nice has been  
 tried. Hopeless and helpless the Czarina now  
 returns to the cold grandeur of the north—re-  
 turns to die.

HOW THE OTTOMAN LOST THE USE OF HIS WINGS.  
 —His race had once been beautiful, its wings  
 broad and strong. Then, one evening, the  
 largest forest birds said to it, "Brother, shall  
 we fly to-morrow, God willing, to the river, and  
 drink?" And the otchik answered, "Yes I  
 will." At dawn they flew away, first up to-  
 wards the sun, higher and higher, the otchik  
 far above the others. It flew on in its pride up-  
 towards the light; it relied upon its own  
 strength, not upon the Giver of that strength;  
 it did not say, "God willing." Then the  
 avenging angel drew aside the veil from the  
 streaming flames, and in that moment the  
 bird's wings were burnt, and he sank in  
 wretchedness to the earth. Neither he nor his  
 species were ever afterwards able to raise them-  
 selves up in the air. They fly timidly—hurry  
 along in a narrow space; they are a warning  
 to mankind in all our thoughts and all our  
 enterprises to say, "God willing."—*The Sand-  
 hills of Jutland. By Hans Christian Andersen.*

CURIOUS PILLS.—Dr. Donaldson, recommend-  
 ing the web of the common spider as an unfa-  
 lling remedy for certain fevers, says it is invalu-  
 able at times when quinine and other ante-pe-  
 riodic fall in effect or in quantity, not only  
 from its efficacy, but because it can be obtained  
 anywhere, without trouble and without price.  
 This remedy, it was observed, was used a cen-  
 tury back by the poor in the town of Lincoln-  
 shire, and by Sir James MacGregor in the West  
 Indies. The doctor now uses cobweb pills in  
 all his worst cases, and is stated to have said  
 that he has never, since he tried them, lost a  
 patient from fever.

## THE FREE LIST.

## AN ANECDOTE OF WEBER.

It is pleasant to be able to enter a line  
 merely for the trouble of writing your name  
 down on the "Free List." Many persons  
 possess this real privilege; not only journalists  
 who are in the habit of criticizing the per-  
 formances, but also well known authors, mu-  
 sicians, and even artists. It is a compliment  
 which a manager of a liberal turn of mind pays  
 to all persons whose opinion is of some impor-  
 tance to him, to say nothing of those whose  
 opinions are of no importance to any one—  
 even to themselves. It gets the theatre "talked  
 about," and benefits the manager if the repre-  
 sentations are good; but if the contrary—then,  
 the contrary. When Karl Maria von Weber  
 was in England, he happened to be introduced  
 to the manager of the theatre, who, by  
 way of paying him what he considered the  
 highest honor in the world, placed his name  
 on the Free List. The setting at the  
 theatre was good enough in its way, but there  
 was nothing in the performance calculated to  
 attract a poet and a thinker like Weber, and a  
 considerable time elapsed before it ever oc-  
 curred to the composer of Oberon to take ad-  
 vantage of the privilege which the manager  
 had accorded him. One day, however, he hap-  
 pened to be passing the door, when something  
 in the bills attracted his notice. Then, re-  
 membering that his name was on the Free  
 List, he went up to the superintendent of that  
 department, and mentioned his name.

"Just gone in, sir," said the man.

"No, I am not gone in, but I will go in," re-  
 plied Weber, "give me a card."

"I tell you, he's gone in these five minutes,  
 and why should I give you a card?" asked the  
 man, rather brusquely.

"Because I am Mr. Weber," replied the  
 proprietor of that glorious name, "and be-  
 cause my name is on the Free List."

"That's cool!" returned the official.

"Why, you're as much Mr. Karl Maria von  
 Weber, as I am. I tell you, he's gone in this  
 ever so long. Two, sir! There they are, sir."

These last words were addressed to a gentle-  
 man who had presented an order.

"Am I a liar, b'ra?" asked the indignant  
 Tonton, as if by no means prepared to receive  
 an answer in the affirmative.

"I don't know who you are, nor what you  
 are, nor where you come from," was the re-  
 ply; "only you're not Mr. Karl Maria von Weber,  
 and it's no good trying it on here." Too late,  
 ma'am! not admitted after seven, and it's now  
 half past."

"But it was given me by Mr. Pennefeather!"

"Can't help it, ma'am; we have our in-  
 structions, and we must attend to them."

"Really, this is very extraordinary! I shall  
 certainly complain to Mr. Pennefeather."

"Can't help it, ma'am; you should have  
 been in time."

"Should have been in time! What imperi-  
 ousness! I have a great mind to see the man-  
 ager; but I will certainly complain to Mr.  
 Pennefeather, and he shall cut you up in his  
 journal."

"Thank you, ma'am!"

Karl Maria was still waiting for his card, or  
 rather was waiting with the view of proving  
 that he was himself.

"What, you still here?" exclaimed the man  
 in the box.

"I am Mr. Weber, and I will go in," re-  
 plied the composer.

"Well, I'll tell you what I'll do," said the  
 superintendent of the Free List, astonished at  
 so much persistence. "As you will have that  
 you're Mr. Karl Maria von Weber, you shall go into  
 the theatre, and see him."

"I insist upon it," answered Weber him-  
 self.

"Now you come along with me then, and  
 you shall see him sitting in the front of the  
 pit," (stalls had not yet been invented.)

"As civil-spoken a gentleman as ever I saw;  
 why, he has been in every night these two  
 years."

"Is he a German?" inquired Weber, more  
 and more astonished every moment.

"Is Karl Maria von Weber a German?"  
 repeated the other, as if really shocked. "Why,  
 of course he is. What a deal you must know  
 about him!"

"I am he," said the German.

"Oh, you're him, are you?" said the Eng-  
 lishman, correcting (as he thought) the for-  
 eigners' bad English. "Well, then, who do  
 you call that?"

They had now reached the stage, and from  
 one of the wings Weber could see a German  
 gentleman sitting in the front row of the pit,  
 laughing, applauding, holding his sides; in  
 fact, almost wild with delight. A comic actor  
 was on the stage, and he was singing a song  
 which, to the real Weber, appeared rather dull,  
 not to say stupid.

"Well," said the official, "what do you say  
 now?"

Weber gave no answer. The following re-  
 flections were passing through his mind:—

"That man in the pit," he said to himself,  
 "is an impostor, but he does me no harm. He  
 is probably a poor man; and it is evident that  
 his chief happiness consists in coming to this  
 theatre, for it appears that he never misses a  
 night. I have never thought of coming here  
 before, and probably I shall never think of  
 coming here again. Then why should I, for  
 the sake of proving to this person by my side  
 that I am Weber, instead of being Schmidt,  
 Schneider, or any other German, deprive my  
 unfortunate compatriot of what to him is a  
 source of intense enjoyment? It would not  
 enrich me, and would make him 'poor indeed,'  
 as Shakespeare says:—

"Who steals my name steals nought. 'Tis mine,  
 not his."

Not anybody else's that I know of.

But if I stop this fellow's free admission,  
 I take back that which not enriches me,  
 And make him poorer poor."

The official heard the illustrations musician  
 murmuring these lines, and came to the con-  
 clusion that he must be a madman.

"Well, what do you say?" he inquired at  
 last. "Are you satisfied?"

"Quite so," replied Weber. "I only wanted  
 to see the composer of Der Freischütz."

"Then you admit that you're an impostor?"

"No; I only admit that I wanted to see the  
 composer of Der Freischütz. Good night.  
 Sleep well."

"Go along with you," said the superinten-  
 dent of the Free List. "What strange fellows  
 these Germans are," he added, addressing his  
 friend the check-taker; and when the other  
 Weber came out, he told him, with a smile, of  
 the "dodge" that one of his countrymen had  
 resorted to in order to gain admission into the  
 theatre. The other Weber (who was a semi-  
 inactive book-maker living in the neighbor-  
 hood of Leicester square) seemed amused, and  
 continued to present himself regularly every  
 night at the Free List office, until at last the  
 good Karl Maria died.

On hearing of the great composer's death,  
 the semi-inactive book-maker was amazed.  
 He considered himself decidedly ill used, and  
 did not even attend the funeral.

## A CAMPAIGN INCIDENT.

An old soldier, writing to the late Duke of  
 Wellington on the subject of corporal punish-  
 ment in the British army, mentioned the fol-  
 lowing anecdote:

In 1816, when I joined the 67th Regiment,  
 under the command of Sir Hugh Gough, there  
 was a bugler in the corps who had been through  
 the whole of the Peninsular campaigns. Paddy  
 Shannon was a favorite with all the men, and  
 something of a hero; but all Paddy had left  
 was the recollection of these acts—his only  
 solace, the notice taken of the canteen—his  
 only triumph, the whiskey. Need I say Paddy  
 Shannon became a "drinker," or that Paddy  
 soon made his appearance at the hal-  
 berds?

The regiment was paraded, the proceedings  
 read, and Paddy tied up. The signal was  
 given for the drummers to begin, when Paddy  
 Shannon exclaimed:

"Listen now, Sir Hugh! Do you mean to  
 say you're going to flog me? Just recollect  
 who sounded the charge at Barossa, when you  
 took the only French eagle ever taken. Wasn't  
 it Paddy Shannon? Little I thought that day  
 it would come to this; and the regiment so  
 proud of that same eagle on their colors."

"Take him down," said Sir Hugh, and Paddy  
 escaped unpunished.

A very short time, however, elapsed, before  
 Paddy again found himself in similar circum-  
 stances.

"Go on," said the Colonel.

"Don't be in a hurry," ejaculated Paddy.

"I've a few words to say, Sir Hugh."

"The eagle won't save you this time, sir."

"Is it the eagle, indeed? then I wasn't going  
 to say anything about that same, though you  
 are, and ought to be proud of it. But I was  
 just going to ask if it wasn't Paddy Shannon  
 who, when the breach of Tarifa was stormed  
 by 23,000 French, and only the 67th to defend  
 it, if it wasn't Paddy Shannon who struck up  
 'Garryowen to glory, boys,' and you, Sir  
 Hugh, have got the same two towers and the  
 breach between them upon your coat of arms  
 in testimony thereof?"

"Take him down," said the Colonel, and  
 Paddy was again unscathed.

Paddy, however, had a long list of services  
 to get through, and a good deal of whiskey,  
 and ere another two months he was again tied  
 up, the sentence read, and an assurance from  
 Sir Hugh Gough that nothing should again  
 make him relent. Paddy tried the eagle—it  
 was no use. He appealed to Sir Hugh's  
 pride, and the breach of Tarifa, without any  
 avail.

"And is it me," at last he broke out, "that  
 you're going to flog? I ask you, Sir Hugh  
 Gough, before the whole regiment, who know  
 it well, if it wasn't Paddy Shannon who picked  
 up the French Field Marshal's staff at the bat-  
 tle of Vittoria, that the Duke of Wellington  
 sent to the Prince Regent, and for which he  
 got that letter that will be long remembered,  
 and that made him a Field Marshal into the  
 bargain? The Prince Regent said: 'You have  
 sent me the baton of a Field Marshal of France;  
 I return you that of a Field Marshal of Eng-  
 land.' Wasn't it Paddy Shannon who took it?  
 who never got rap, or recompense, or ribbon,  
 or star, or coat of arms, or mark of distinc-  
 tion, except the flogging you are about to give  
 him?"

"Take him down," cried Sir Hugh, and  
 again Paddy was forgiven.—*Quebec Herald.*

## THE HONOR OF INDUSTRY.

There is no discredit, but honor, in every  
 right walk of industry, whether it be in tilling  
 the ground, making tools, weaving fabrics, or  
 selling the products behind a counter. A youth  
 may have a yard-stick, or measure a piece of  
 ribbon; and there will be no discredit in doing  
 so, unless he allows his mind to have no higher  
 range than the stick and ribbon; to be as short  
 as the one, and as narrow as the other.

"Let not those blush who have," said Fuller,  
 "but those who have not a lawful calling."

And Bishop Hall said, "Sweet is the beauty  
 of all trades, whether of the brow or of the  
 mind." Men who have raised themselves  
 from a humble calling need not be ashamed,  
 but rather ought to be proud of the difficulties  
 they have surmounted. The laborer on his  
 feet stands higher than the nobleman on his  
 knees.

An American President, when asked  
 what was his coat-of-arms, remembering that  
 he had been a hewer of wood in his youth, re-  
 plied:—"A pair of shirt-slee



## STRANGERS YET.

BY R. MONCTON MILNES.

Strangers yet!  
After years of life together,  
After fair and stormy weather,  
After travel in far lands,  
After touch of wedded hands—  
Why then joined? Why ever met?  
If they must be strangers yet.

Strangers yet!  
After childhood's winning ways,  
After care and blame and praise,  
Counsel asked, and wisdom given,  
After mutual prayers to Heaven,  
Child and parent scarce regret  
When they part—are strangers yet.

Strangers yet!  
After strife for common ends,  
After trial of old friends,  
After passion fierce and tender,  
After cheerful self-surrender,  
Hearts may beat and eyes be wet,  
And the souls be strangers yet.

Strangers yet!  
Strange and bitter thought to scan  
All the loneliness of man!  
Nature by magnetic laws  
Circle unto circle draws:  
Circles only touch when met,  
Never mingle—strangers yet.

Strangers yet!  
Will it evermore be thus—  
Spirits still impervious?  
Shall we ever fairly stand  
Aseel to soul, as hands to hand?  
Are the bonds eternal set  
To retain as strangers yet?

Strangers yet!  
Tell not love it must aspire  
Unto something other—higher;  
God Himself were loved the best,  
Were man's sympathies at rest;  
Rest above the strain and fret  
Of the world of strangers yet!

Strangers yet!

REGINA;  
OR, THE BIRTHRIGHT.

BY MARGARET BLOUNT.

## CHAPTER XIV.

For thee shall blaze no household hearth,  
Thy steps shall never come  
To some sweet quiet from the world,  
And call it softly "home!"  
No children watching at the gate,  
With laughter clear and sweet;  
No wife to rise, with loving eyes,  
Her wanderer to meet.

M. B.

It was strange neither Regina nor Clifford seemed to resent or question this extraordinary behaviour on the part of a servant. A nameless, instantaneous presentiment overwhelmed them both; even the child seemed to feel instinctively that trouble and shame brooded over those he loved, for, leaving his play, he came and leaned against his mother's knee, and placed his little hand softly in hers.

How was the first to speak.  
"I seem to be taking a great liberty, my lady; but I think you will forgive me. I have things to say that no one but ourselves ought to hear."

Regina's eyes turned towards the child.  
"He must not stay!" she whispered, to Clifford.

"Certainly not. And yet I do not know what we are going to hear."

"My lady," said Howe, "I will take Lord Erlinford up stairs, if you will permit me, and return to you."

"Very well," said Regina, "be good, Stuart, dear, and go with Howe. Mamma will come presently."

The child went quietly away. Silently these two awaited the servant's return. Their hearts were too full of doubt and fear to admit of a single word. Howe, coming back, hesitated for a moment before closing the door.

"My lady, the story I am about to tell is so very strange, that I shall need a witness of its truth to make you believe it. One waits in the ante-room; may I ring her in at once? It may save remarks among the servants."

"Do as you please," said Regina, feeling utterly bewildered. Howe stepped across the hall, held a parley at the door of the ante-room, and returned with Alice, who dropped an embarrassed courtesy, and retreated to the most shadowy corner of the room. Regina's noble and graceful appearance impressed her strongly; her heart was softened, moreover, by the glimpse she had obtained of Stuart's golden head, and sweet, fair face; and it needed many a thought of the nameless boy up-stairs to make her equal once more to the part she had to play. But it was too late to go back now, though she longed to do so. They were all there together, as she had so often dreamed they would be, and Howe was speaking.

"I should like to be allowed to tell this story in my own way, my lady."

"Go on, then."

"Years ago, there was a poor boy serving in the stables of a nobleman in—shire. He had been born upon the estate, and there was not a tree or shrub about the ground that he did not love with his whole heart. The house was empty, and the family were abroad, with the exception of a son—the only son—who was a school-boy at Eton. But the little stable-boy dreamed always of their coming home, and of the devotion which he should pay to them, and which would end only with his life."

"The young heir was very wild, even from his first boyhood, and it was said that his conduct was fast breaking his mother's heart. They had taken her to Italy, after leaving him in the charge of a strict, stern tutor, and in Italy a second son was born. The lady died soon after, but still his lordship lingered abroad. Some said he was about to marry again, others that he was entangled in an in-

trigue with an opera dancer, others that he was too poor to live in England. But at last, much to the surprise of all who gossiped so freely about him, he returned.

"He was not alone. The boy—the second son—accompanied him. He was a gay, frank, courageous fellow, very different from his brother, and as affectionate and warm-hearted as any human being could well be. His father idolized him, and the Italian nurse who accompanied them, seemed only to live and breathe for him. She died—poor thing!—not long after they returned, and the old lord never held his head up afterwards. People said the reckless conduct of his heir, was sending him to his grave, but one knew better. Orla, the Italian, was buried in the family vault near the house, and the little stable boy saw him there one evening, kneeling and crying like a child. The body of his wife had been sent back to England, and was buried in the same place; but he shed no tears over her tomb—they were all for Orla. The boy wondered, then, how such a thing could be, but it was some time before he solved the mystery. And, meanwhile, he was devoted to the younger son. They played together all day long; they rode, they hunted, they fished side by side; and if his lordship at any time resented such an intimacy, one word from his darling would soothe him again, and induce him, not only to tolerate, but to encourage it. By way, however, of making the relation less objectionable, the lad was promoted from the stables, and followed his young master no less affectionately, that he was known in the house as his own special servant. It was a happy time, although it could not last long. Am I tiring you, my lady?"

"No!" said Regina, who, with her face half hidden by her hand, was listening intently.

"They were together at school—not an English, but a German one—and afterwards at a university. The servant studied far harder than his master, and received from him, not only books and time, but assistance and encouragement of every kind. He had a thirst for knowledge, he was happy in its pursuit, and he loved the kind hand and heart that aided him with all the order of his nature. Do you think such a love could ever fall or change, my lady?"

Regina looked up, surprised, at this question.

"It depends on circumstances," she said, very slowly.

"It did change, my lady, and I will tell you how. The old lord died suddenly, and they were summoned home. The new lord was at Oxford, but he left it on the day of his majority, and went abroad. His health was very delicate; but in spite of that, he plunged into every dissipation that could be found in Paris."

"In Paris?" said Regina, turning very pale.

"Yes, my lady. He died there, in his twenty-third year."

"Ah!"

She placed her hand suddenly upon her heart. The story was growing more clear to her, though Clifford still looked puzzled and bewildered.

"In the meantime, the younger son remained at his ancestral home. He was fond of his brother—there were only a few years between them, and they had been much together in the intervals at school and college. The last wish of his heart was that his brother should die; but as there was a large provision made for him by his father's will, and he was his own master, he thought it incumbent upon him to follow that brother's example, which (if I may be allowed to say so much) was not a good one. Since he was not the lord, he would, at least, save the lord's vices. And he began in a very promising way."

Howe paused, and looked towards the shrinking figure in the corner.

"Shall I go on?" he whispered; "or would you prefer to go back into the other room a few moments?"

Alice did not answer. But she made a hurried gesture of assent, that attracted Regina's attention.

"There was a girl, my lady, who dwelt at the park gates of that old hall, with her father, the lodge-keeper," he said, with a slight tremor in his voice. "Her mother had gone abroad with the family, when she was a little child, as nurse to the lady, and had died—so it was said—in Italy. Her father mourned for her in his quiet way, and gave himself up to the little child. No girl was ever more carefully tended, more truly loved, than—Alice!"

The woman behind him sat down, and buried her face in her hands, as he pronounced that name, and Regina fancied she heard a sob.

"She was beautiful, and graceful, and young—pure, too, as a lily—and the servant loved her dearly!" said Howe, slowly. "He would have laid down his life for her, and told her so! They were to be married; and, by the advice of his young master, he went away for a time to a farm, at some distance, belonging to the estate, which was to be his upon his wedding-day. He made the little home neat and gay for his young bride, and returned for her. But she was gone!"

"Gone!" cried Clifford, watching the cowering figure in the corner, and in his turn beginning to comprehend the story. "Gone—where?"

"Abroad, sir. God knows what temptations had been held out to her! She was young and giddy; and perhaps," he added, with a trembling voice—"and perhaps she loved him then better than the plain, awkward man she was to marry. He was loveable enough, if that was all."

"Who, Howe?"

"The—young master, sir," was the low answer.

There was a long silence.

Clifford asked, at last,

"What happened next, Howe?"

"Not much. He returned, in a little time, to England."

"With her?"

"No, sir."

"Where was she?"

"I will answer that question!" cried the woman behind him, starting up suddenly. "She was alone, and ill, in a poor lodging, in Paris; there would have starved, if it had not been for the kindness of some Sisters of Charity,

who found her in their rounds. She loved him—she left everything for him—he deceived her by a false marriage—and then deserted her and her unborn child, and left them to starve, if they chose!"

"Are you Alice?" asked Regina, rising too.

"I am Alice!"

"And the child?"

"He is under your roof, at this moment. You shall see him before he goes."

"Sit down," murmured Regina, sinking back into her own chair, and covering her eyes with her hand. "Go on, Howe. I must hear all now! What did this servant do, when his master returned?"

"What could he do, my lady?"

"Did he attempt his life?"

"Oh, no!" said Howe, with a strange smile. "That would have been a poor revenge! If the thought came to him in his first despair, he banished it. He forgave him!"

She looked at him intently.

"How, to this day, he has not done that!"

"Well, my lady, he appeared to do so. His master was satisfied, and took him back into his service."

Clifford and Regina exchanged looks.

"And then?"

"Perhaps, his master felt remorse for what he had done; for he was but a boy, after all. He went to London, 'to see life,' as he said. And he saw it. He took an odd fancy to the study of medicine, and walked the hospitals for six months or so. The servant was always with him, and there was scarcely a scene of vice and shame in this great, wicked city, to which he did not introduce the boy. His ruin—temporal and eternal—seemed an easy thing, when his brother died suddenly, and through his title and fortune he was restored once more to respectability. He ends the first part of the tale."

"It is a more horrible one than I have ever heard!" said Clifford, shuddering at the thought of the vindictive spirit that had haunted its victim through so many years.

"There is a worse to come," was the brief reply. "My lady, do you recognise the characters in the story?"

"Yes."

"And you, sir?"

"It would be difficult not to do so," replied Clifford. "It was strange that neither thought for a moment of contradicting or disbelieving it."

"Then I may drop all disguises, and pass over some years of Lord Charlemont's life with little notice. He married, as you know, and broke his wife's heart. But that is too common an amusement to alarm any one, and wives are used to it. He went abroad after Lady Erlinford's death. Many women loved him, and the Italian Marchesa was not the only one who was ready to sacrifice everything to him. In spite of his inconstancy and selfishness, there was something so grand about the man's nature, that I could scarcely wonder at his infatuation. If he had not wronged me as he did, I should have shared in it, and forgiven him."

"Remember," said Regina, sadly, "that you are speaking of my husband, and the father of my child! Also that he is absent, and cannot defend himself!"

"My lady, I must speak the truth, whatever it may cost you. And your own heart tells you that it is the truth. He will be here soon. Let him deny one word of it if he can!"

"Go on."

"Among the many women who, as I have already said, loved the Earl, was one far too good and gentle for the fate she met with. She was a *dunce*, and the fairest creature, save two, my eyes have ever looked upon. She was innocent as a child before she saw him. She never loved another. Yet, in a short time, he deserted her, as he had deserted so many others."

"Her name?" said Regina, almost in a whisper.

"Upon the stage, she won, by her light and beautiful dancing, the name of *The Zephyr*. But her real name was—"

"Ruth!" cried Regina, in a terrible voice.

"My God! did he dare to wrong her?"

"He killed her!"

"How?"

"My lady, he had no half-brother Henry."

"Was it Charlemont who wrote those letters to her at Paris?"

"I wrote them for him, because he would have no evidence brought against him afterwards."

"Was it Charlemont who met her at the cottage window?"

"It was."

Regina gasped for breath, and held out her hand, as if for support, to Clifford.

"My friend, what have I done that I should have married this man?"

"You see, Regina, that I was less unjust than you thought me. I knew it was the Earl," he whispered, unable even at that moment to resist the temptation of vindictive himself.

"Hush!" she said, coldly. "What are your wrongs or mine to Ruth's? Howe, did she go to meet him on the next day?"

"She did, my lady!"

"Where?"

"To a cottage at Wilverton, in—shire."

"Was he there?"

"How could he be?" cried Clifford. "Have you forgotten that we fought that very evening?"

"Ah, I remember! But, Howe, this seems so dark to me! If he was not with her, why did she stay there so contentedly?"

"She was not contented, my lady!"

"How do you know?"

"I saw her twice!"

"By his request?"

"Yes, my lady."

"And what did you tell her?"

"That business kept him—but that she was to be ready to marry him as soon as he arrived!"

Tears fell fast from Regina's eyes as she imagined her dead friend, watching eagerly for his coming, who had no thoughts of her.

"And you dare to stand there, Howe, and tell me quietly of this! How can you feel, no pity for the poor child, whose only fault was that she loved him so?"

"My lady, if it had been my own sister, she

would have been sacrificed as Ruth was. If it had been Alice, even—dearly as I loved her all my life long—she would have been seemed to my plan of revenge. You asked if I attempted his life, and I told you no. I did much more—I gave him my own. But it was only that every hour of it might be employed in bringing about the events that have happened to him, and are happening now. If I have sold myself to a terrible master, for the sake of accomplishing this revenge, at least I am receiving the reward he promised, and while I can enjoy it. Ruth—beautiful and gentle as she was—could be nothing more to me than another item in the long account of crime I was tempting that man to swell. I had no pity, no compassion to waste on any creature that furthered that plan of mine. Shall I go on, my lady?"

Regina was looking at him with a smile and a terrified face.

"Yes, you may go on," she said, as she wiped away her tears. "I can hear nothing much worse than this. The letter, Howe—the letter?"

"What letter, my lady?"

"The one he brought to me—from her!"

"She never saw it!"

"And did she know that I was about to marry him?"

"Yes, my lady."

"Who told her? Not the Earl?"

"No; he had the grace to send me instead."

"My poor Ruth!"

"She was confined by his orders at the cottage, and the people of the village were told that she was mad. Yet, in spite of bolts and bars, she escaped that very evening, after she heard the truth of the story, and came up to London. My lord saw her the morning you married him."

Regina's brow grew dark.

"Before or after the ceremony?"

"After, my lady. They found her in Park Lane, with a group of boys and men around her. She had wandered about all night, but she recognized Lord Charlemont at once; and he took her home with him in the brougham. It was this that made him so late in joining you at the cottage. He was obliged to dispose of his victim before he could meet his wife!"

"How," said Regina, disregarding his snarl, "it was some time before you joined us abroad. Where were you?"

"At Wilverton, my lady."

"With her?"

"Yes, my lady."

"Why did you stay?"

"I was needed, my lady," was the mysterious reply, and Regina turned pale.

"You are keeping something back from me. What is it?"

"I wish you would ask Alice, my lady."

"What can she know of Ruth?"

Alice came forward, looking almost as pale as the Countess herself.

"I was the housekeeper at the cottage, my lady."

"You! Surely, he never put you there! He was not so lost to all delicacy and honor as to put you into any relation with her?"

"I know little of the Earl's delicacy or honor!" said Alice, with a bitter smile. "But he did not know that Mrs. Maining and Alice were one! It was Howe who got the place for me and for my boy; it was Howe who sought me out, after he returned from Paris; in fact, it is Howe who has done everything!"

Howe smiled as if he had received the greatest compliment, when Regina turned her dark, haughty glance upon him.

"I would not be in your place! Even the Earl, had he been, would never have wronged you as you have wronged him! There is no treachery like that which aims a blow at us from our own hearthstones!"

"I agree with your ladyship," was the careless reply; "but was not his planned and plotted upon mine?"

She could not answer. In spite of all conflicting personal feelings, the three could but see that, according to the world's code of "an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth," the man was in the right. As for him, no doubt had ever crossed his mind. "Justice, though the heavens fall," had been his stern motto through all those weary years. The arguments that rose to her lips were unspoken; the words of a milder doctrine—"If thy brother offend thee, forgive him; not seven times only, but seventy times seven"—would have been lost upon him, exulting in the hour so longed for, yet waited for as patiently as the Red Indian waits upon the trail of his unwary foe. There was a savage part in her own nature which had been lying dormant for years; and for a moment it stirred and thrilled in unison with his. It was in her, at one time, to have hated with such intensity as this, though her vengeance would have been swifter, and possibly not so sure; and, feeling this, she held her peace. "Line upon line, and precept upon precept," should not be wanting to that unhappy man; but she must be calmer first—she must have learned thoroughly to forgive the sufferings and death of Ruth. She could not do that now.

"Well, Alice," she said, sighing, as she took up the sickening examination again, "tell me, since he refuses to do it, why he stayed with you?"

"Ruth was so violent, my lady, that the doctor thought it unsafe for me to be alone with her, till Howe had shown me how to manage her. He was always quieter with him."

Regina started.

"Was she—did she lose her reason?"

"He brought her to the cottage, a raving maniac, on the very day you left England!" said Alice, with sad distinctness.

"Did the Earl know it?"

"No, my lady. Till she died, he never knew how ill she had been."

"Thank God for that!" cried Regina. "It is something to hear one word in his favor. But my poor Ruth—my poor Ruth! Did she die in that dreadful state?"

"No; she had her senses when she died."

"Did she speak of me?"

"Your name was the last word upon her lips, my lady."

Regina turned her head away.

"Was there no message—no token?"

"This, my lady!" and in the convulsed hand Alice placed a small ivory box. Regina opened it, and started as a mass of soft brown hair fell clinging around her fingers. It seemed as if it was alive, and she pressed it to her lips, crying out, passionately,

"Oh, Ruth, Ruth, Ruth!"

There was not a dry eye in the room, for even Howe was touched and moved by the artless burst of grief. Alice said, through her tears,

"She sent her love to you, my lady; and to him—to my lord—her forgiveness!"

There was a long silence. At last Regina rose and turned to Clifford.

"I must go."

"Where?"

"Anywhere! I will take my boy and ask Helen to give me shelter for a time. I cannot see his face again till I have partially forgotten this. He told me she died in Germany, with his brother watching beside her bed."

Clifford looked perplexed.

"You had best stay and meet him, Regina. It must be sooner or later. Why not to-day? and then all the misery will be over at once."

"To think," she said, in the same low tone, "that for all these years he has lived this terrible life! And I have trusted him so—I have placed myself with the thought that, however false or insincere the world at large might be, there was nothing but the frankest truth, and the purest acts and motives, in my own happy home!"

"At least he has been true to you!" said Clifford, who felt that he could afford to say something in his rival's favor now.

"Yes," she answered, steadily; "in one sense of the word he has been true; but in another—oh, I cannot bear to think of it! If he, who has seemed so frank and generous, and kind, can be all that these two say (and I feel in my heart that they speak the truth), what hope have I in my boy—in his child? I wish he was in his grave! It would not be so hard to weep over him now as it will be hereafter."

"Take comfort," whispered Clifford. "You are his mother; and it is the mother who gives and who forms the higher nature of the child."

"Ah!" she said, simply, "that does not console me in the least; I know my own faults so well. I never wished the child to resemble me; but I thought he might be as frank and noble as I believed his father to be! If my boy grows up treacherous and cruel, I shall die!"

"It was all done to win you, Regina."

"Does that excuse it? Will God take it as a reason at the judgment day, that Charlie must love me passionately, and therefore must that poor child so cruelly? To think of Ruth—the noblest and gentlest heart that ever beat on earth—to think of her being but a mere tool in his hand and those of his accomplices! To think that, because he wished to separate us, and to win me himself, he should lay plans like these, and trust to his simple earnestness to carry them out unconsciously for him!—to think that she lies yonder in her grave, and that I—who loved her so—am here—and his wife! Oh, Ruth!" she cried out, passionately, lifting her hands and eyes, "if you can hear me in heaven, I ask you to love me still; and I tell you that this wrong which he has done shall never be forgiven!"

"Ruth herself forgave him—she would not wish you to say this!" said Clifford.

"I do not know. At this moment I feel only two things—that I hate him, and that my heart is broken!"

Her voice trembled and her head drooped.

"Sit down, Regina," said Clifford, passing his arm around her waist, as he saw how fast her strength was leaving her. "Lean on me!"

She obeyed. He knelt beside her chair and watched her anxiously. The mortal paleness passed from her face. She leaned towards him with a weary look in her beautiful eyes.



"If the way is, the thank back, and me-  
stand him away."  
"Yes, my lord, I am ill—too ill to bear in-  
sult and treachery any longer!"  
"Nonsense! treachery! What do you mean,  
Regina?"  
"Can you ask?"  
He looked around, and seeing Howe, who  
stood composedly against the mantelpiece,  
turned pale.  
"Ah!" he said. "Has that fellow been  
talking to you?"  
"Yes, my lord," said Howe, before any  
one else could speak. "I have been giving  
him a slight sketch of your history, from the  
time I first had the pleasure of know-  
ing you, up to the present day."  
"You villain!"  
"Don't call names, my lord. Unless I am  
much mistaken, his ladyship would say the  
same of you for better than me!"  
"Regina," cried Charlemont, turning to  
her in desperation, "what has he been say-  
ing?"  
"He has told you!"  
"And do you believe him?"  
"Yes!"  
"Without hearing me—without giving me  
time to say one word in my own defense?  
You allow a servant to slander me when I am  
absent, and give credit to any story he may  
think fit to tell! Is it just?"  
Regina looked at him steadily.  
"My lord, three hours ago I had faith in  
you—now I have not an atom!"  
"Good heavens! I would not be so cruel  
to you for the world!"  
"You have been far more cruel to me, all  
these years, though I was ignorant of it till  
now. Oh, Charlemont! what could make  
you, whom I thought the very soul of honor,  
step to such mean and heartless treachery  
as this?"  
In spite of all, the man was true at heart.  
Even at that last hour, he might have denied  
much, and she might possibly have believed  
him. But he drew a long breath, like one who  
shakes a heavy load from his shoulders, and  
coming nearer to her, cried out, "I know  
ledge it all, Reginald! I have been a wretch—  
a villain! I know it—but it was because I  
loved you!"  
"A strange way you have taken to show  
that love!" she said, passionately. "I pass  
over the fact of your separating us,"—and she  
ward her hands towards Clifford;—"for there,  
at least, you have done no mischief. But,  
oh! the girl that I loved with my whole heart,  
and that loved me, till you came once more  
between us—how could you, how could you  
be so cruel to her? She lived in torment,  
while I was happy with you abroad! She  
died with your name and mine upon her lips!  
From first to last it was your work! But for  
you she would have been beside me to-day;  
and through you, she lies in the grave, and all  
that remains to me of her friendship—is this!"  
A shiver ran over him, as she held out the  
trem of hair.  
"Ruth is in heaven!" he said, in a low  
voice. "Why do you torment me so?"  
"If she is in heaven, it is through no good  
deed of yours! You did your best to keep her  
from that happy place!"  
Charlemont stamped his foot impatiently.  
"Enough of this! Let me hear of what I  
have been accused!"  
"I have heard of your life—of Allice—  
of many others—and of Ruth!" said Regina,  
meekly.  
"This man told you?"  
"He did!"  
"And what could he say of Allice? She was  
a pretty little creature, it is true, but by no  
means an imma-state as he supposes; and—"  
"My lord!" cried Howe, springing forward  
with flashing eyes,—"if you dare to say one  
word against the girl you ruined, I will kill  
you!"  
Charlemont surveyed him calmly, without  
stirring from the spot where he stood.  
"I am not afraid of you—but you are a  
brave fellow, and I like you for standing up  
for Allice, after all. Let her go! I will say  
nothing more of her! But do you tell me  
how all this has come about! I might have  
expected treachery elsewhere, and been on my  
guard; but you, who have eaten my bread,  
and drunk of my cup for so many years—how  
could you betray me?"  
"For nearly twenty years!" said Howe, in a  
triumphant voice.  
"Why, twenty years ago, we were at Mel-  
ford—boys together!"  
"Yes, my lord."  
"And Allice—?"  
"Allice grew dark. 'Man,  
have you been planning this betrayal ever  
since you went abroad with me?'  
Howe smiled, but did not answer.  
"He said that he forgave me!"  
"And I believed him—I trusted him—and now he has  
turned traitor!"  
"Is it so wonderful?" asked Howe, with a  
smile. "You have betrayed those who never  
wronged you! I only fought against my ene-  
my!"  
The Earl's head drooped upon his breast.  
He felt that the man's reproach was true, and  
he dared not look at Regina, who stood haughtily  
aloof, without appearing to notice any-  
thing that was going on.  
"And where is Allice now?" he asked, at  
last, in a subdued tone.  
"You will see her soon! She is under this  
very roof!"  
"Here?"  
"Yes. The letter was but a hint to secure  
your absence. She has been here all the  
evening! Her ladyship has been talking to  
her!"  
The Earl looked at him darkly.  
"And the boy?"  
"George Blinfield is here also!"  
"How dare he call himself by that name?"  
"His mother has a peculiar love for it, my  
lord," said Howe, with a smile.  
"What more is there to come?" asked the  
Earl, sternly.  
"Something exceedingly pleasant, my lord!  
I have kept it as a home secret to the last!"  
"Allice, sir!" said Charlemont, growing  
pale by his collar. "I have borne with you

all this time, but I was not yet to be  
too far with a dangerous man! Say what  
you like, produce what evidence you like, but  
play the game out quickly, if you have any  
regard for yourself, and remember to treat me  
with respect while I am your master. Do you  
hear?"  
"It will not be for long," muttered Howe.  
"If it is for five minutes only, I will be  
obeyed!" thundered the Earl. "Now leave  
this room, and when you enter it again, do so  
as a servant, and not as the equal of those  
you find here, or I will throw you out of the  
window as soon as you cross the threshold!"  
Howe retreated without a word.  
Reginald took no notice of the slight affront,  
but Clifford came up to the Earl, and held out  
his hand.  
"My lord, it has been very painful for me  
to remain through all these disclosures. I did  
so by the special request of Howe, who pro-  
fesses to have something to say which nearly  
concerns me."  
"He has made me out a fine fellow, no  
doubt," said Charlemont, looking towards Re-  
gina. "I wonder you have the courage to  
speak to me—or the will—after all that you  
have heard!"  
"I have forgiven and forgotten my own  
share of the pain long ago, Charlemont; and  
when I think of the stake for which you played,  
I can find it in my heart to excuse you for the  
desperate game!"  
"Thank you—thank you! It is something  
to hear one kind word when a man is cornered  
up as I am. Upon my word, my sins seem to  
find me out! There comes my son and heir, I  
suppose; and who on earth besides?"  
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

GRITNESS.—True grittiness is not that  
passive lameness which submits without a  
struggle to every encroachment of the violent  
and assuming; nor that unmitigated complais-  
ance which, on every occasion, falls in with the  
opinions and manners of others. It stands op-  
posed, not to the most determined regard for  
virtue and truth, but to harshness and severity,  
to pride and arrogance, to violence and op-  
pression. It is, properly, that part of the great  
virtue of charity which makes us unwilling to  
give pain to any of our brethren. Compassion  
prompts us to relieve their wants. Forbearance  
prevents us from retaliating their injuries.  
Meekness restrains our angry passions; can-  
dor, our severe judgments. Gentleness corrects  
whatever is offensive in our manners; and, by  
a constant train of humane attentions, studies  
to alleviate the burden of common misery. Its  
office, therefore, is extensive. It is not, like  
some other virtues, called forth only on pecu-  
liar emergencies; but it is continually in action  
when we are engaged in intercourse with men.  
It ought to form our address, to regulate our  
speech, and to diffuse itself over our whole be-  
havior.

STRENGTH OF ICE.—Recent experiments in  
Germany show that when the thickness of the  
ice is as much as a half, it will just bear the  
weight of a single man, when about three  
inches and a half, it will bear detachments of  
infantry, with their ranks rather wide apart;  
with a thickness of four and four tenths, eight-  
pounders can be conveyed over it on sledges;  
five and two tenths inches will bear twelve-  
pounders; eight inches will bear twenty-five  
pounders; and a thickness of twelve inches  
will bear almost any weight.

A SLIGHT DIFFERENCE.—That odious  
Herald, in giving an account recently, of a  
disturbance in the Third Presbyterian Church  
of Jersey, headed the paragraph thus:—  
"ALLEGED BODILY AMONG CHURCH MEM-  
BERS."  
The mild World reminds the occurrence under  
this caption:—  
"PAINTED MISUNDERSTANDING BETWEEN CHURCH  
MEMBERS."  
"Comment is superfluous," as the coun-  
try editor says.—*Yankee Fair.*

The Sunderland Rifle Corps marched to  
Ryhope the other evening, accompanied, as is  
always the case on similar occasions, by num-  
bers of young ladies. One of the gallant corps  
attempted to, and, in fact, succeeded in put-  
ting his arm round the taper waist of one of  
the young ladies, but was instantly called to  
order by Corporal B.—"Private S—," he said, "Government didn't pro-  
vide you with arms, for that purpose." The  
young lady being left to herself "marched  
on."—*English Paper.*

Halloo, driver, your wheel is going  
round," sang out a little urchin, to a cart-  
driver, who was driving furiously through the  
street the other day. Cartly pulled up and  
looked anxiously first on one side, and then  
on the other. "You needn't look, now, it is  
stopped!" coolly addressed the provoking little  
rascal.

Mr. Mayor of Liverpool has a paypurs  
brought from Thebes, which contains the  
fifteenth chapter of Matthew, in Greek un-  
cial character, which sets at rest that part of  
the 24th verse, relating to the passage of a  
camel through the eye of a needle, which  
arose from the wrong reading of the Greek  
text. The manuscript is believed to be older  
than any other Christian document known to  
exist.

"Mass Tom! Mass Tom! Oh, Mass  
Tom, howe I give to get down dis ladder!"  
"Come down the same way you went up, you  
blockhead!" replied the master, running up  
to see what was the matter. "De same way  
as I come up, Mass Tom!" "Yes, confound  
you! I don't bother me any more." "Well,  
if I must, I must!" And down came the little  
darky head foremost. It happened to be the  
safest way he could have come.

CHASING A MERECHUTE.—A fast young  
man of our acquaintance purchased a mere-  
chute the other day, and not feeling inclined  
to kill himself by "coloring" it in the usual  
way, belted it in tobacco juice. He succeeded  
in raising a good color, and talks of taking out  
a patent for the invention.

A little fellow four years old, the other  
day complimented his mother by making the fol-  
lowing inquiry:—"Mother, it was a Mister,  
wasn't it?"

Theory may be all very well, but young  
deuces and lawyers prefer practice.

## FOREIGN NEWS.

THE MEDITERRANEAN.—The Italian fleet, being  
advised to the 4th.  
Sardinia is about to interfere at Naples. It  
reported that Gen. La Marmora is about to  
leave for Naples with 30,000 troops to prevent  
the threatened march.  
All the disposable vessels of the Sardinian  
Navy are to be sent to Naples.  
Vigorous military preparations are being  
made at Piedmont, the Sardinian Government  
hiring every available transport. If it is im-  
possible to convey them with sufficient rapid-  
ity, the Pope will be requested to allow of  
the passage through his dominions.  
An insurance had been effected in the pro-  
vince of Terni, and the insurgents were  
marching on Camp Raso.  
It is reported that the resignation of the Na-  
poleon Ministry will not be accepted.  
The Government of Naples will pay France  
sum of three million of francs as an indem-  
nification for the losses sustained by French  
citizens in the bombardment of Palermo.  
The prohibition placed upon the departure of  
volunteers from Sardinia is said to have been  
removed.  
It is reported that the Cabinets at Turin have  
agreed to prevent the invasion of the States of  
the Church.  
The French garrison at Rome is to be in-  
creased by a force of 3,500 troops.  
Ancona has been declared in a state of siege,  
and the Papal delegate recalled.  
The King remains at Naples.  
Garibaldi's whole army has reached the main  
land. Garibaldi has quit Calabria, but his  
destination is unknown. He has entered Mon-  
teleone.  
The Emperor and Empress of France contin-  
ued their tour in Savoy.  
It is reported that the remarks in Queen  
Victoria's speech relative to the Savoy ques-  
tion, produced a bad impression in Paris.  
A permanent French camp was to be es-  
tablished close to the Swiss and German fron-  
tiers.  
The Paris Bourse was firmer. Rentes 68 1/2  
1/2.  
The Arctic steamer Fox had made a satis-  
factory survey of the Faroe Islands, for the  
proposed line of telegraph, and proceeded to  
London.  
The strike among the ribbon weavers of Co-  
ventry has ended, the operatives withdrawing  
their demand.  
The rumors of an interview between the  
Emperors of Austria and Russia, and the Prince  
Regent of Prussia, gain more credit.  
The Prince Regent of Prussia will visit Rus-  
sia on the invitation of the Emperor of Russia  
about the middle of September.  
The report is also revived that Napoleon  
wishes to meet the Queen of Spain at Barcelona  
on his return from Algeria.  
Ferdinand is acting vigorously in Syria.—  
Seventy persons connected with the recent  
massacres have been hung, and one hundred  
and six soldiers shot.  
Four thousand French troops have been  
landed at Beyrout, where they were threat-  
ening demonstrations between the Chris-  
tians and Moslems.  
The first street railway in England, upon  
the American principle, was formally inaugu-  
rated at Birkenhead, on the 30th August, and  
the general impression was highly favorable.  
Mr. George F. Train, the projector of the en-  
terprise, gave a grand banquet at Birkenhead  
in honor of the event, and delivered a charac-  
teristic go-ahead speech. Mr. Train's efforts to  
introduce the system in London, Dublin, Man-  
chester, and elsewhere, were meeting with every  
success.  
It is said that Garibaldi bears an autograph let-  
ter from King Victor Emmanuel, stating that  
the latter could no longer resist public opinion  
in Italy, and he must either lead or sweep  
away.  
Cholera was prevailing to a serious extent in  
Spain. At Malaga, 600 persons were attacked  
in one day, and 50 of them died.  
A despatch from Perugia (Italy) states that  
Gen. Lamoriciere had directed his troops to  
plunder any town having symptoms of insur-  
rection. Doubtful.  
SYRIA.—Official advices from Damascus, of  
August 25th, announce the capital execution  
of one hundred and sixty-seven persons, im-  
plicated in the recent massacres. These execu-  
tions struck terror into the inhabitants, and  
the city remained tranquil. One hundred and  
ten of the malefactors belonged to the local  
police, and they were shot in public. The  
others, including members of the first families  
in the country, were hanged, while many more  
were sentenced to imprisonment with hard la-  
bor at Constantinople. The Ki-Governor and  
other officials were undergoing trial. The Sul-  
tan's army was acting with the most rigorous  
discipline. Perfect tranquillity now exists  
throughout Syria.  
Constantinople letters continue to express  
fears of a general rising against the Christians  
when the French troops landed.  
Riokening details relative to the late mas-  
sacres continue to come to hand. Of 3,300 Christians,  
only 1,400 were found remaining, nearly all women  
and children. The corpses remained unburied.  
The Nerni was full of them, and in the upper  
rooms they were piled in heaps five to six feet  
high.  
General Beaufort, the commander of the  
French force, on a proclamation, had prohib-  
ited the Maronites from renewing the con-  
flict.  
CHINA.—The British force in China are ready  
for an attack on the enemy, but their French  
allies had protested against their commencing  
hostilities, the latter having lost all their har-  
bors and ships.  
On the 25th June, however, Lord Elgin  
induced Baron Gros to withdraw the protest,  
and the attack was to commence immediately.  
FRANCE.—The Paris correspondent of the  
Morning Herald says that the Queen's speech  
has produced a bad impression. The passage  
about Italy, and the contemptuous silence  
about the French treaty, are looked upon as  
the knell of the Anglo-French alliance.  
The French papers contain further so-called  
peace declarations.  
The Council-General of the Bas Rhin, Mar-  
shal Magnan said he had it from the Empe-  
ror's own mouth that peace would be main-  
tained.  
At Toulouse Marshal Niel said that it is in  
the friendship, and not in the impotence of  
France, that the guarantee of peace must now  
be sought.  
The Paris correspondent of the Daily News  
says that distrust of France is at this moment  
greater than it has been at any moment since  
the battle of Waterloo.  
NAPLES.—The Herald's Paris correspondent  
says that the Count of Syracuse, uncle to the  
King of Naples, has written a letter to his  
nephew, recommending him to avoid a useless  
effusion of blood, and to follow the example of  
the Duchess of Parma.  
ATRIUM.—Trieste, Aug. 31.—The Austrian  
Government, foreseeing an attack on Venetia,  
is most actively carrying on the works for the  
completion of the branch line to connect the  
Venetian railways with those of Germany. On  
the 5th of September the line from Nalbrava  
to Udine will be inaugurated. This railway  
will enable Austria to transport a considerable  
army to Venetia in a few days.  
The existence of a revolutionary committee  
has been discovered at Verona, and the mem-  
bers have been arrested. The papers that were  
found on their persons are said to make a start-  
ling picture of the proceedings of a neighboring  
power.  
ROMA.—The Austrian Ministry has pro-  
posed to the Emperor to send troops into

to be read on the evening of the 20th inst.,  
during the story of his intentions to give  
assistance to the legitimate wishes of the peo-  
ple. It is hoped such a letter will prevent  
political debates in the Reichsrath, and allow  
government to tranquilly close the session  
with the increased confidence of the country.  
RELATIONS BETWEEN FRANCE AND GERMANY.—  
The Paris correspondent of the Times says:  
The despatch put forward by some of the Paris  
semi-official papers of the compact said to have  
been entered into by Austria and Prussia is  
not by renewed assertions of the reality of that  
agreement, and by increased credit given to it  
by the public. It has excellent reasons for  
believing that some of the very persons, who,  
in the discharge of that duty, daily contradict  
the Nord, and cast doubt upon the statements  
of an important German paper, which, in its  
turn, gives details of the mutual declarations  
made at Toplitz by the two great German sov-  
ereigns, are themselves perfectly aware and well  
permeated of the truth of what they deny. It  
is quite possible that Austria and Prussia  
should have decided to enter into a compact  
of the kind, and that the compact should be  
of an important German paper, which, in its  
turn, gives details of the mutual declarations  
made at Toplitz by the two great German sov-  
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